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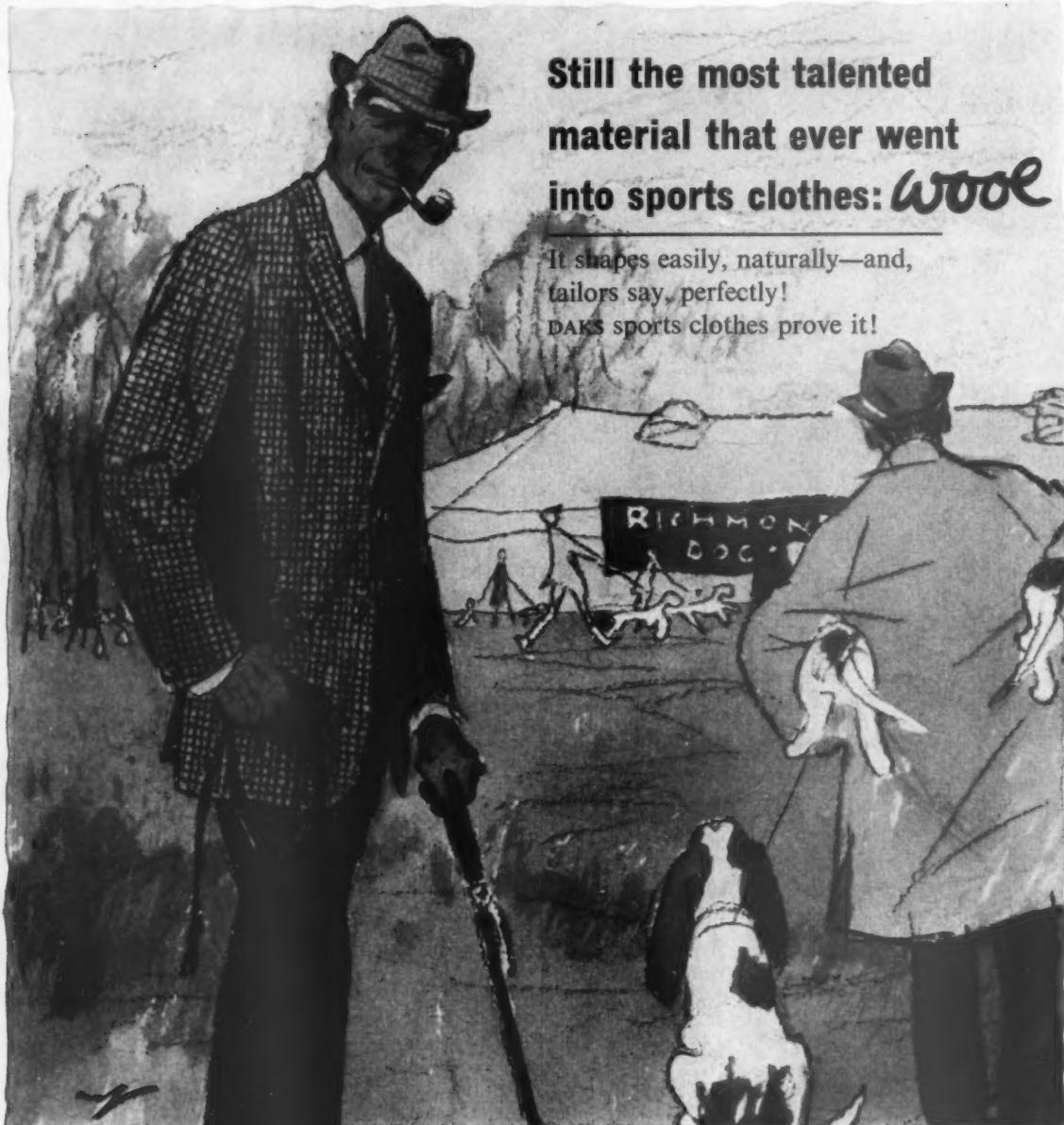
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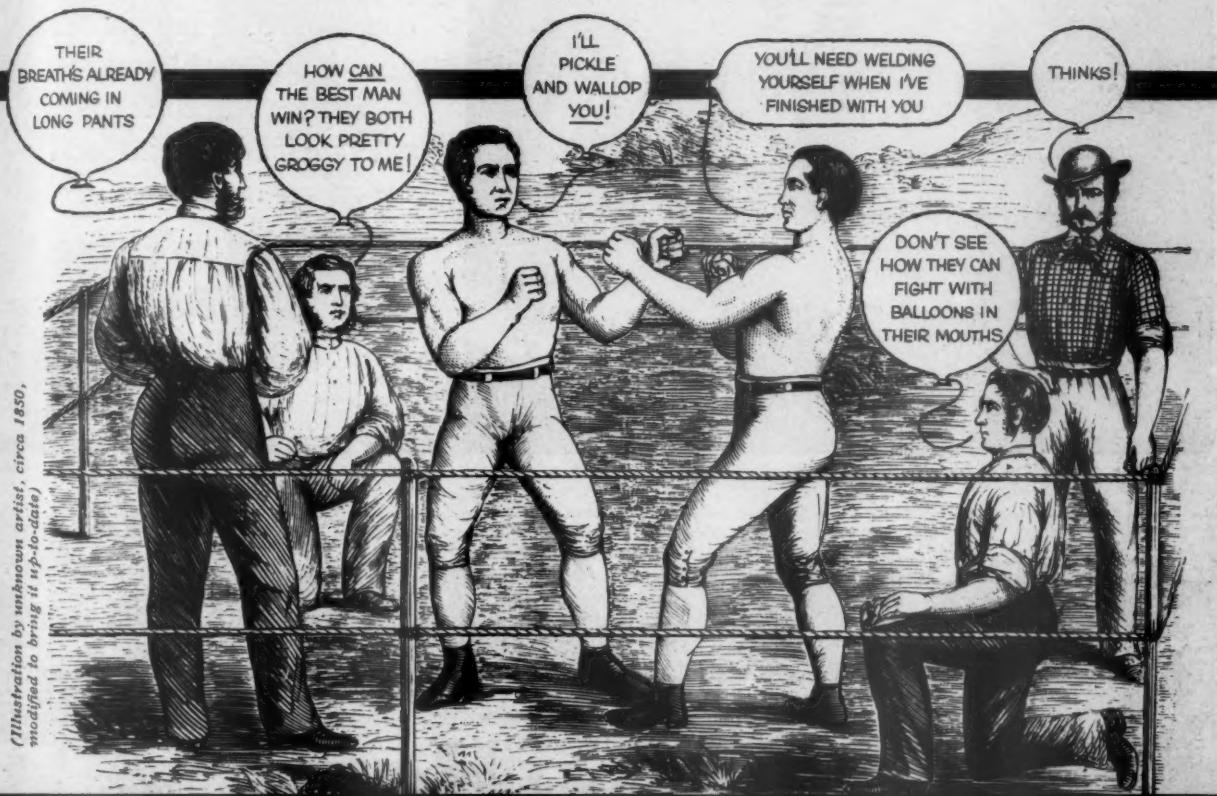
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96 BIZET
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930 Gypsy Flamenco
Pepé de Almería, guitar
Raúl Romero, José Vargas,
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Traviata, Carmen,
Figaro, Barber of Seville
Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra
Joséf Krips, conductor



937 BEETHOVEN
"Egmont" and
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London Symphony Orchestra
Walter Goehr, conductor



939 TCHAIKOVSKY
Capriccio Italien
London Philharmonic Orchestra
Sir Adrian Boult, conductor



940 BACH
Brandenburg Concerto
No. 3
Boyd Neel Chamber Orchestra
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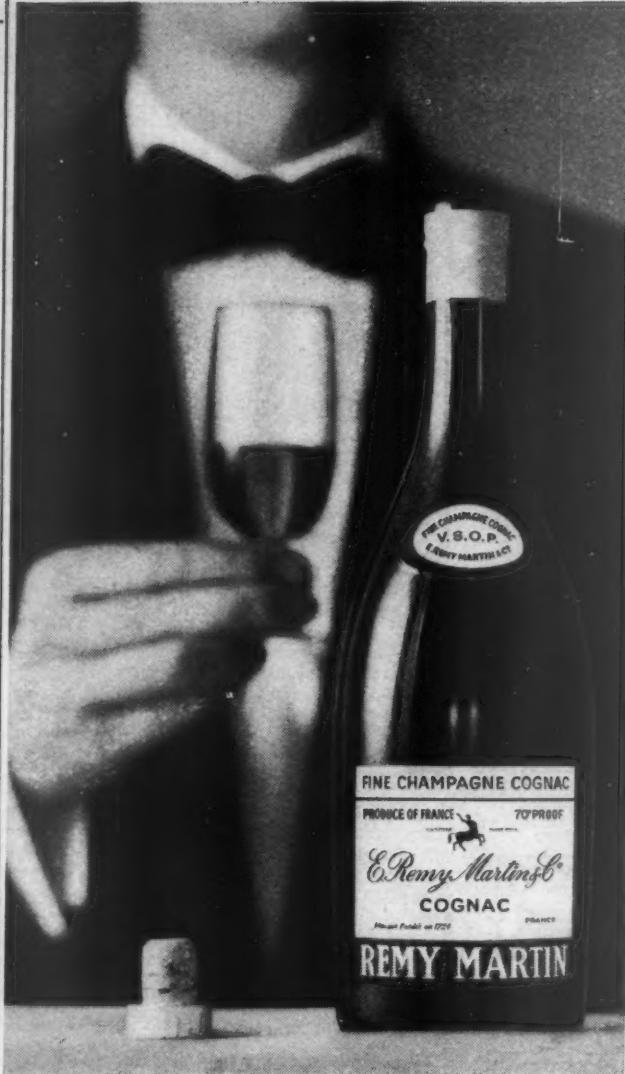
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THE LONDON CHARIVARI



All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)



The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)

As You Like It (Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford)—good production, with Vanessa Redgrave a memorable Rosalind. (Repertory) (12/7/61)

Becket (Aldwych)—well-acted winner by Anouilh. From September 28 to October 4.

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)

Billy Liar (Cambridge)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

The Bird of Time (Savoy)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. (7/6/61)

Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)

Doctor Faustus (Old Vic)—exciting Edinburgh production that suffers in transplanting. (30/8/61)

The Fantasticks (Apollo)—slender musical based on Rostand's *Les Romanesques*.

Finders Keepers (Arts)—reviewed this week.

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)

Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin (Duchess)—few comic clichés remain unturned. (26/6/61)

Guilty Party (St. Martin's)—very exciting, big business whodunit. (23/8/61)

Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (Repertory) (19/4/61)

Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)

Let Yourself Go! (Palladium)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)

The Lord Chamberlain Regrets (Saville)—disappointing revue, determinedly but vainly topical. (30/8/61)

The Miracle Worker (Wyndham's)—Anna Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story. (15/3/61)

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years' wonder. (16/12/52)

Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (12/4/61)
The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)
My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical. (7/5/58)
Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)
One For The Pot (Whitehall)—new farce. (16/8/61)
One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)
The Rehearsal (Globe)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)
Richard III (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashingly dotty. (Repertory) (31/5/61)
Romeo and Juliet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—Edith Evans and Dorothy Tutin magnificent in average production. (Repertory) (23/8/61)
Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)
An Evening with Sammy Davis, Jr. (Prince of Wales)—stimulating one-man show by star singer-dancer-impersonator-musician and solid supporting acts. (30/8/61)
The Sound of Music (Palace)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)
Stop the World, I Want to Get Off (Queen's)—Newley's patchily good musical satire. (26/7/61)
The Taming of the Shrew (Aldwych)—gay fast-moving production. (Repertory) (20/9/61)
'Tis Pity She's a Whore (Mermaid)—new production. (6/9/61)
A Whistle in the Dark (Stratford E.15)—Irish violence, well done. 20/9/61
Wildest Dreams (Vaudeville)—new Slade/Reynolds musical. (16/8/61)
Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

REP SELECTION

Theatre Royal, Lincoln. Shaw's **Caesar and Cleopatra**, until September 30.
 Dundee Repertory Theatre. **Gaslight**, until October 7.
 Bristol Old Vic. Harry H. Corbett in **Macbeth**, until October 14.
 Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Harold Pinter's **The Caretaker**, until October 21.

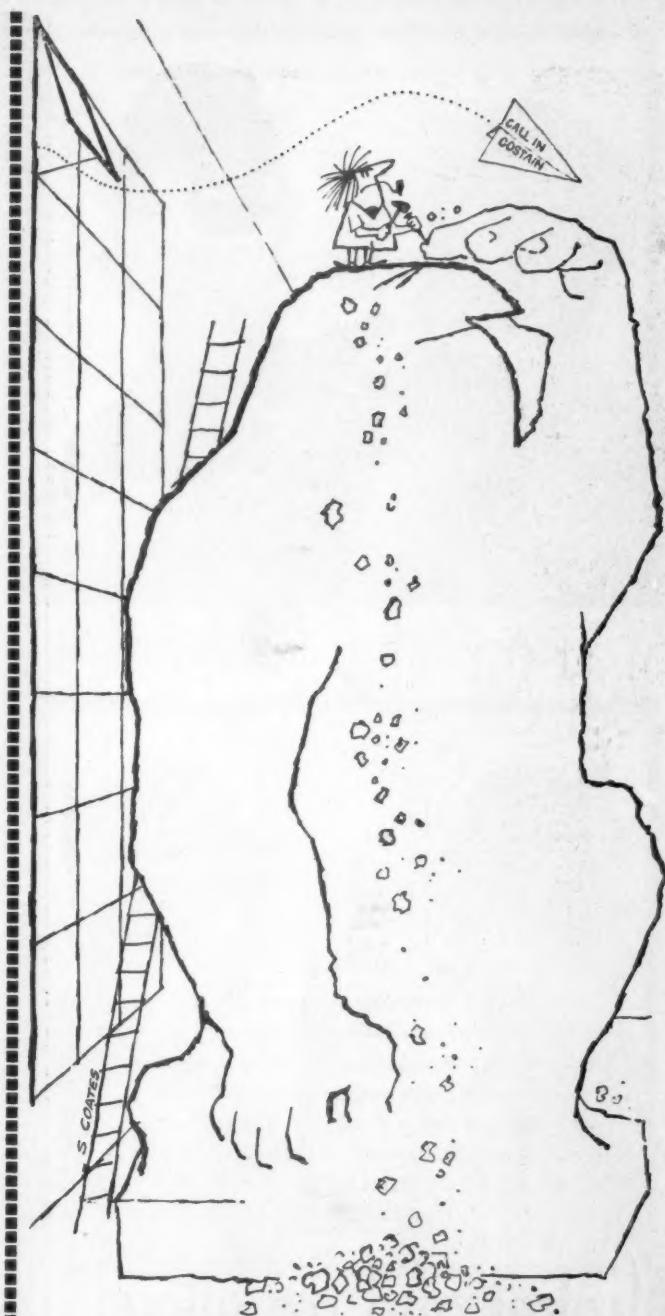
CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Ballad of a Soldier (Curzon)—Russian: a young soldier's journey home in war-time. Minor but unusually entertaining. To September 28. (14/6/61)
Ben-Hur (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)
Black Tights (Coliseum)—Four French ballets done with lashings of colour, noise and verve on a vast screen. (13/9/61)
The Damned and the Daring (Compton)—Escaping gangsters occupy isolated French delinquents' home. Standard thriller. (20/9/61)
La Dolce Vita (Berkeley)—The sweet life in Rome, on every level. Very loose and episodic, variously entertaining and shocking; basically moral. Not yet dubbed—*verb. sap.* (21/12/60)
Les Jeux de l'Amour (Academy)—Reviewed this week.



CONTINUED ON PAGE XV



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HIRST OF HARROGATE



HIRST OF HARROGATE ALSO AT REGENT STREET LONDON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE XIII

Exodus (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)

Fanny (Warner)—Phony, Frenchmen-are-quaint, but colourful remake of Pagnol's Marseilles trilogy. **The Guns of Navarone** (Columbia)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure-story. (10/5/61)

The King and I (Metropole)—Reissued of the 1956 success with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr. (26/9/56)

The Parent Trap (Studio One)—Identical twins (Hayley Mills) reunite their separated parents. Sentimental, funny, ingeniously entertaining. (23/8/61)

The Pleasure of His Company (Plaza)—Stagy but glossy comedy with Fred Astaire and San Francisco Bridge.

Rocco and His Brothers (Cameo Poly and Cameo Royal)—Visconti's epic about the struggles of a dead-poor rural family to survive in Milan. (20/9/61)

Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinema in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

A Taste of Honey (Leicester Square Theatre)—Reviewed this week.

Two Women (Continental)—Strong, vivid performance by Sophia Loren in ill-balanced version of Alberto Moravia's novel. (9/8/61)

The Virgin Spring (Curzon)—13th-century story: innocence defiled and avenged. Ingmar Bergman at his most symbolic. To September 28th. (14/6/61)

Volcano (Academy)—Reviewed this week.

SHOPS



From September 27 to October 21 at **Heal's** there will be an exhibition of electrical appliances called "Automation in the Home," showing the latest models, together with demonstrations. On the same dates there will also be an exhibition of Lighting, including the latest designs. From September 30 **Derry & Toms** are to have a display of Smith's clocks and watches on their ground floor.

Harrods have a budget fashion show from September 30 to October 7 at 11 am daily, and a general fashion parade from October 2 to 6 at 2.30 pm. **Harvey Nichols** show their autumn collection in their restaurant from October 2 to 6 at 12.30 pm and 3.30 pm on the Monday and Friday and 10.30 am, 12.30 and 3.30 pm the other days. **Debenhams & Freebody** now have original Paris model clothes available for copying to order and also a new collection of exclusive Lanvin Castillo furs. Recently opened at **Woollards** is their Man's Shop, with the accent on cosmopolitan clothes: now featured are Italian Brioni suits. At this store's new extension in Seville Street are various new and enlarged departments, including the ground floor "21 Shop" for the 17-25-year-olds, the first floor "Leisure Wear" department, and Boutique, with clothes designed by Maggie Shepherd, and the second floor "Budget Room" with its large range of jersey wear.

At the **Scotch House** there is the new "Commander" raincoat for men in cotton and nylon,



Whatever their differences...



*... everyone
has a
'double'
when it's
Vat 69
FINEST SCOTCH
WHISKY*





This time it's a pullover...

Sooner or later, Susie's knitting has a habit of acquiring length without breadth, whatever the pattern. Just what it's going to be at any given moment depends on the leaping imagination of its young creator. Knitted up or unravelled, that wool has been around for a long time. It has suffered in the cause of many a new project, but never, never has it suffered from moth. Because, like so much that is made of wool

these days it is mothproofed with 'Dielmoth'. More and more manufacturers of wool yarns and fabrics are finding that wool and 'Dielmoth' go together to give that extra quality their customers now expect. If you are in the wool trade ask Shell about 'Dielmoth'. Write to the Information Officer, Industrial Chemicals Division, Shell Chemical Company Limited, 170 Piccadilly, London W.1

Shell Chemicals



PUNCH

Vol. CCXLI No. 6315 September 27 1961



Edited by
Bernard Hollowood

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Subscriptions

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*For overseas rates see page 484.

Charivaria

IT is being suggested that teachers should continue teaching while on strike. If this kind of thing spreads, it means a new era in Labour Relations. Serving the consumer without benefiting the employer will need a delicate touch. How will the miner ensure that the householder gets his coal while the Coal Board sinks ever deeper into the red? Will engine-drivers work but not ticket-collectors? Should the agricultural worker concentrate on producing for Harvest Festivals? Mr. Woodcock had better start preparing a model rule-book.

"The Method" in Reverse

AMONG many other references in the press to Miss Vanessa Redgrave, there was a touching report that she was converted to Nuclear Disarmament Campaigning by taking the part of a campaigner in *The Tiger and the Horse*. It is a master dramatist who can move not only his audience but his cast. I wonder what effect *Flowering Cherry*



had on Sir Ralph Richardson or *A Man For All Seasons* on Mr. Scofield. Actors will begin getting cautious when offered parts in Mr. Bolt's plays.

The Well-Regulated Life

FORGET cosmonauts. Consider instead this advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*: "Peer has vacancy for reliable young footman willing travel between London and country house near

Bury St. Edmunds. Advantage if applicant drives car." We have been told that, until 1940, guests of the Duke of Bedford travelling between London and Woburn (42½ miles) were sent with chauffeur and footman to Hendon,



where they changed limousines (and chauffeurs, and footmen) for the second stage of the *safari*. Now it seems that noble families are undertaking journeys as far as Bury St. Edmunds (85½ miles) in one hop. I am sorry that the footman is expected to drive. His traditional function on the road is to impart dignity, fend off footpads, alert innkeepers, disperse idlers, remove fallen branches and carry ladies over rough sections. How can he do all this and drive too?

Sad Story

THE man sitting on my left at the Spurs v. Gornik Zabrze game last week chain-smoked black cigars and puffed relentlessly into my face. He remained impassive throughout, an island of sanity in a mad sea of fanaticism, and when the score reached 7-1 I forgot the smoke sufficiently to feel sorry for him. After all, as Mr. Chamberlain once said of Czechoslovakia, Poland is a far distant country. "You are from Poland . . . ?" I began. He turned towards me. "Naow, naow, bin a Spurs supporter all me life." "Sorry," I said, "it was just that you didn't seem to be cheering with the



"Hurricane Jessica Howard on the line for you, Mr. Howard."

rest." "Well, y'see," he said, "I can't really see what's goin' on. It's me eyes, y'know." He left before the final goal.

Parable

THERE is something peculiarly horrible about the Transvaal headmaster who paraded his school to watch while he ceremonially burnt a blazer which happened to have been worn by a Negro. Partly, I suppose, one



"First lesson to-day will be live."

retains a residual taboo against damaging blazers anyway, but mainly one's horror stems from the madly precise symbolism of the act (performed in public, with photographers present, as though it were a normal thing to do). Here is a man in charge of children who seems to be saying that he would rather destroy his school and give his charges no education at all than allow them to share the education with a Negro. His act is a mimic suicide of civilisation.

For Better or Worse

IN Southwark a twice-weekly evening class on Marriage Guidance offers among other things a course in appreciation of television. This should be a great boon to those young married couples who realise that sooner or later they will have to grow out of Yogi Bear.

Never on Sunday

THE Archbishop of Wales, supporting the seven-day licence in the land of his fathers, says that alcoholic beverages are a gift of God. They can certainly confer the gift of tongues. But Dr. Morris is unlikely to carry the Welsh dissenting vote, still strong in the shires, in the forthcoming local option polls. Fairly mild Baptists and Congregationalists may consider Sunday opening a piece of unorthodoxy as unwelcome as the creed of Seventh-Day Adventists.

Say Not the Struggle . . .

GAS lamp-posts have suddenly become all the go in America, replacing the dreary old electric in the smartest drives and patios as the hallmark of elegance. John Betjeman must see this tardy triumph for his campaign as a late chrysanthemum. But the prophet is still without honour in his own country; we in England have not yet lit such a candle as shall never be put out for this martyr to concrete standards.

Cooling Off

FIREMEN are so scarce that a brigade at Market Rasen (Lincs.) is down to three volunteers. In the targets for youth's ambition firemen once ranked high, soon after engine-drivers and cowboys, and recruiting was easy. A television brand image of heroism is needed to bring the lifesaver

on the ladder back on to the hit parade. We have detectives, spy-catchers, men with guns galore, but never a fireman since poor Robb Wilton left the scene.

Distinctions Aloft

AN American airline is showing first-run wide-screen films to its luxury class passengers. The real luxury, as I see it, is that sound is optional and comes in featherweight headphones. What happens, I wonder, in the inferior classes? Do the films grow older and older, the screens narrower and narrower, the headphones heavier and heavier? In which class does sound become compulsory, and loud? Is it true that travellers in Economy face the full rigours of an old-time magic lantern show?

Search for a Scoop

MY papers always seem full of conversations between reporters and the eminent, or quasi-eminent, on holiday. I should like to know what a full transcript of these conversations can be like. "Is the Minister enjoying his holiday in the Shetlands?" "Can't hear you." "Is the Minister doing much bathing?" "Who did you say you were?" "What does the Minister take in his sandwiches when he spends a whole day on the beach?" "I think you must have the wrong number."

Tackle at Source

THE Governor of Canterbury Prison has been awarded five guineas by the Prison Commission for suggesting that mine detectors should be used in prisons to detect caches of guns and other equipment assembled by intending escapees. I wonder how much the Prison Commissioners would give me for suggesting the use of mine detectors on prisoners' visitors?

A Sherriffs' Exhibition

READERS will have missed the bold, highly individual strokes of Sherriffs drawings in *Punch* since his death last year. They can renew acquaintance at The Times Bookshop, 42 Wigmore Street, where an exhibition is being held until October 7. The works are for sale, and this may be a rare chance to acquire a Sherriffs original.

— MR. PUNCH





THE BIRTH OF
**SAM
 BULL**

Is American influence on British habits as great as supposed?

**OUR BOOKS ARE
 OUR OWN**

by Alex Atkinson

IT is not generally known that Edgar Wallace once came through to me at a spiritualist meeting and gave me to understand (in a gruff voice, through a fat woman medium with shingled hair and a smell of recently consumed bread and butter) that he was keeping an eye on my career, which at that time consisted in rewriting all the Hemingway stories I could remember with different characters, plots and settings, and trying to get money for them from English editors to buy food. This snatch of autobiography is relevant on two counts. In the first place, I never sold a single neo-Hemingway, and not many other people did either: the Hemingway influence was pretty well stillborn, although there must have been scores of us at it just then, chopping up our sentences into lumps of three words at a time, swaggering into rooms trying to look like matadors or ambulance drivers. In the second place, if you examine the situation with any care and honesty at all, Edgar Wallace himself emerges as the last of the English writers to have been influenced by Americans and achieve fame and success. His models (and he's perfectly at liberty to come through again and correct me if I'm wrong) were legion, and they wrote for the press at so much a spine-chilling word.

Oh, you can throw in Leslie Charteris too, if you like; if you want to be really impish you can point out the sonorous, jangling echoes of Melville in J. C. Powys; but Wallace was the last, solid example of transatlantic influence. After him the wind began to blow once again in the opposite direction,

and before anyone knew what was happening William Faulkner was trying to be an American. A. E. Coppard, *The New Yorker* was modelling itself on Elizabeth Taylor, and thriller-writers in California were adding two loosely-draped nymphomaniacs to a measure of John Buchan and serving with a squeeze of alum. Consequently, at the present moment I am able to report that the influence of American on British literature is absolutely nil, and I defy anyone to produce evidence to the contrary. I'm not going to say you won't find a *trace* here and there. Few grim-visaged composers of humorous pieces, for instance, emerge entirely unscathed from their boyhood skirmishes with Mark Twain; even in the *Evening Standard* you will come across an occasional thing called a short story that bears the clumsy imprint of an early John O'Hara tale damaged in transit; there is more than one writer the memory of whose love affair with Runyon's present tense can still bring a lightly-tripping passage to a grinding halt.

But these are trivial excrescences on the smooth, virgin surface of our current English literature. Breathes there a man with soul so twisted that he can seriously point to any American force that went to the making of Graham Greene's mysticosexual extravaganzas? Where are the C. P. Snows of Brooklyn Heights? What Episcopalian hand or eye could have fashioned the broad symmetry of a Pritchett story? What do they know of Ivy Compton-Burnett who only Ivy Compton-Burnett know? Does anyone really imagine that John Braine's Vodi sprang a-mouldering from *Esquire*? What's Gunther to Durrell, or he to Perelman? Who begat Amis but someone very like Smollett? Do you ask me to believe that Scott Fitzgerald cried Aldous Huxley! or let slip the plots of Waugh? Such questions are idle, foolish, orotund and rhetorical, and so is the whole search for this mythical American influence. So also, if it comes to that, are the following sharp commands, yet they may serve to remind us of the gulf separating to-morrow's Hawthornes from to-morrow's Thackerays. Three paces forward, all those English picaresque novelists owing more than a row of pregnant dots to Henry Miller! (*Yes, yes, Mr. Durrell. Presently, presently.*) Stand up and be counted, all you Kentish Kerouacs, you Ferlinghettis from Finchley, you Norman Mailers from North Marston, you cute Cornish Capotes! (*A few meek chirpings are heard from the rear of the hall, but subside in giggles.*) Number from the right, all you pale strivers who fell into the Thurber trap! (*There is a confused rush for the exit.*) Will the English Peter de Vries please take the stand? (*A scuffle breaks out between two bearded essayists, but nothing comes of it.*) Is there an Edmund Wilson in the house? (*A young chap called Colin, heavily sweatered, bangs frantically on the door and is refused admission.*) Fall out any English Dorothy Parkers! (*Yes, yes, Miss Spain, we know, we know.*) Form a queue over here all those who admit to being under the influence of Salinger! (*Moody silence.*) Or Tynan! (*A voice: "He's English, dammit!"*) Or James Jones, or what's that lady's name again who keeps on about Peyton Place? (*After a short prayer of thanksgiving, the meeting breaks up.*)

As for the press, there is a misbegotten legend to be cleared away here. It is still widely believed that our English newspapers suffer from exposure to degrading contact with yellow Yankee rags. The facts are different. From an artistic point of view (and that's a hell of a view to take of any news-



"Oh him? He's a visitor who fell off the Big Dipper in the amusement park."

(paper) the English, Scottish and Welsh papers are among the best in the world, and by comparison with American papers, many of them are daily gems of literature and art. Others, again, are so loaded with schoolboyish sensationalism and dirt that they would be suppressed after a week by the outraged inhabitants of any American town you care to mention, including Las Vegas. In the matter of sordid muck on the one hand, and sound journalism on the other, our papers long ago left their American counterparts standing.

The things that American newspapers specialise in are (a) a suffocating provincial dullness, (b) sheer quantity of words and avoidupois weight, achieved by making sure that every other page contains at least four times as much advertising as editorial matter (the United States is ruled by a President, a Congress, a House of Representatives and a handful of advertising agencies), and (c) drivel. I have never understood why our papers have not succumbed to the influence of drivel, for it is obviously lucrative. To produce enough square inches of it, you have to get into the habit of regarding any child with a ball-point pen as a journalist, and any dotard with a sheet of unlined paper as a political cartoonist. That

seems simple enough, and I suppose there is still time for our papers to cash in and catch up, if they want to. What's needed is more crudity of draughtsmanship in our political caricatures, combined with an abysmal naïveté of outlook and comment on the part of the artists; at least six "columnists" per paper, with different names but an equal ability to turn out eight hundred words so subtly that not one is memorable; news photographs so patently posed that they would not be out of place in great-grandmama's family album; photographs of street accidents, sudden death and gruesome murder with as much emphasis as possible on oozing blood and weeping relatives; fat "magazine" sections consisting of close-up photographs of food, indigestible half-pages of limp aphorisms, and gossip about rich television heroes; gratuitous gobs of fatuous information (such as "lapwings have been known to make sounds while still in the egg," or "George Washington's wife was called Martha") jammed in willy-nilly at the bottom of columns; "advice" pages designed to give a general picture of the country as one vast, backward suburb inhabited by adults who can't remember the name of Sophia Loren's last film, and anaemic acne-ridden teenagers



caten away with anxiety about how far to carry their nightly bouts of love-play. To all this there should be added a minimum of eleven misprints per thousand words, a sincere effort to leave two news stories in every issue maddeningly unfinished in the middle of their second paragraphs, and a dogged insistence on printing the name of every last guest at every last wedding for a hundred miles around, thus creating a six-page desert of boredom so unutterable that the reader turns with relief to read the twelve solid pages of close-printed used-car ads.

There are influences here for the asking. The trouble with Britain is that she is laughably slow at seizing opportunities; and that, curiously enough, is what Americans admire about her.

Next week : Philip Oakes on Teenage Customs.

Study in Emotional Auras

By H. F. ELLIS

A LETTER to the *Evening News* read idly in the train one September afternoon launched me on a series of experiments that may mark a big stride forward in the knowledge of animal responses to human emotional states.

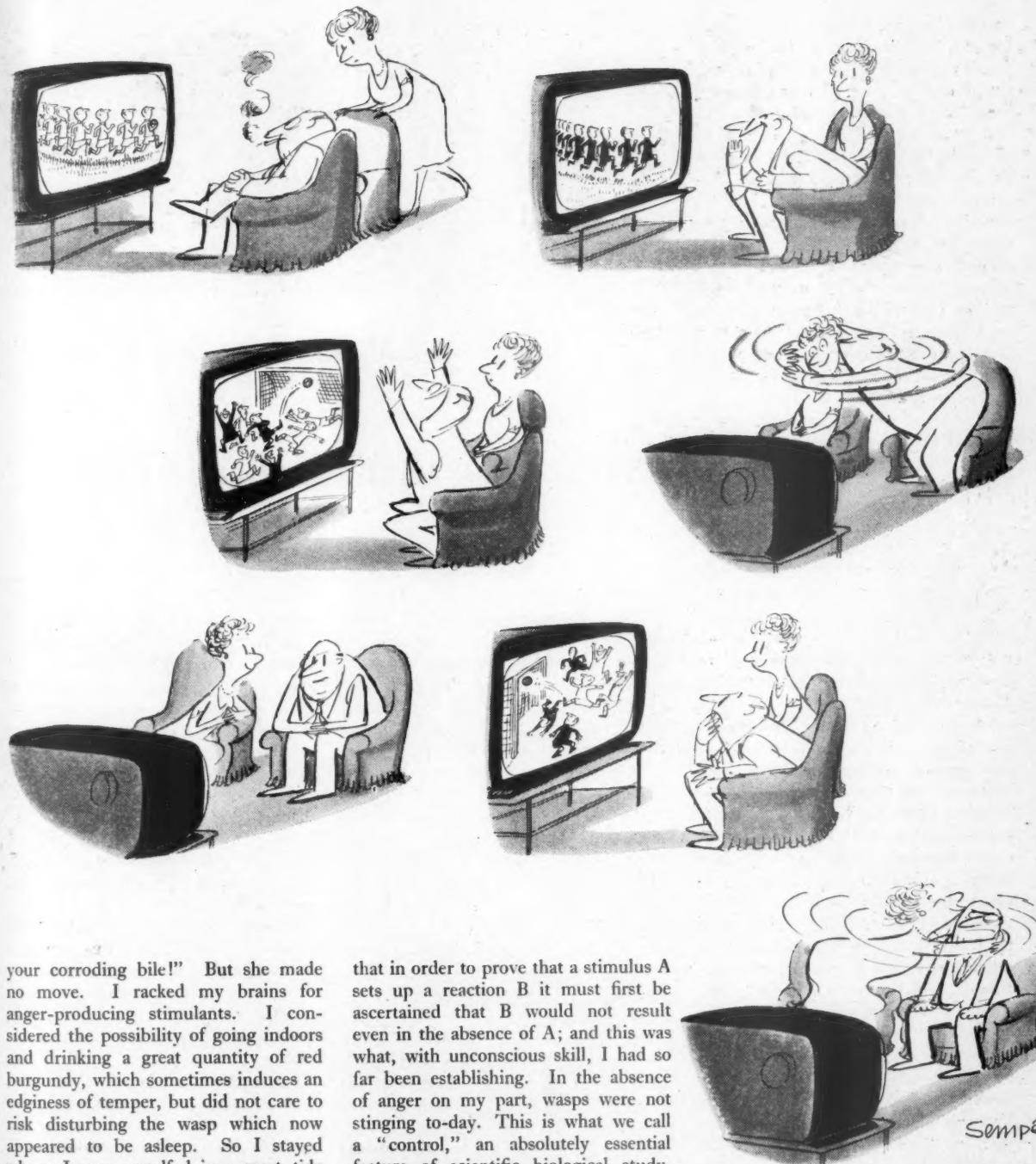
"I was working in the garden in a bad mood," this correspondent wrote, "hoeing the ground aggressively, when I was stung simultaneously by two wasps. I am sure that the wasps sensed my anger and took it as a threat to themselves. I am normally of a placid nature, and this is the first time in my life that I have ever been stung."

No true naturalist considers his personal comfort or convenience for an instant when an opportunity occurs to advance, in however small a degree, man's understanding of the natural world around him. Hunger, thirst, exposure, exhaustion, pain, boredom are of no account to the ornithologist intent on photographing the nesting greenshank or the biologist studying the life-cycle of the water-boatman. I did not hesitate therefore, when I got home, but went straight out into the garden and endeavoured to work myself up into a rage. It is, of course, well known that animals are highly sensitive to moods in other animals; indeed their behaviour patterns depend to a great extent on their ability to communicate their emotional and appe-

titive states to members of their own species, and to recognise those of their fellows. It is also established, I believe, that they are aware of some human emotions, notably fear which has a distinctive odour; and this power is naturally highly developed in creatures that consort with man, e.g. in dogs. But it was news to me that wasps could detect anger unaccompanied by any such overt symptoms or "threat" gestures as a newspaper slashed back-handed or a knife repeatedly brought down on a jammy plate. The first step must clearly be to establish by controlled experiments the validity of the letter-writer's conclusions.

It is extraordinarily difficult to work oneself into a rage at short notice. The aggressive digging and raking with which I began my experiments had no effect beyond a heightened sense of physical well-being and some satisfaction at getting on with a job long overdue. I turned my thoughts to a recent letter from the Electricity Company, but without success; what had earlier seemed to me to be arrogant impertinence now, as I drove my spade into the rich, warm-smelling earth, appeared no more than a venial clumsiness of phrasing. Setting my teeth, I let the names of my known enemies run in order through my mind, and found myself chuckling at their idiosyncrasies. A butterfly perched momen-

tarily on my head in the evening sunshine as I brooded, utterly without rancour, on the ETU Executive. I tried Khrushchev. "It is intolerable," I cried, smiling at a robin on my left boot, "that one man, *one man*, should have the power to plunge the whole world . . ." But it was useless. A beneficence that rarely visits me hung over the idyllic scene as I opened up the fourth trench in a pretended fury. I shall enjoy a glass of beer presently, I told myself, forgetting all about the mission on which I was engaged, until a wasp suddenly alighting on my bare forearm recalled me to a sense of duty. Here was the moment of truth. "You swine!" I said, bending a gaze of such intense concentration on the insect that I could not help observing the beauty of its markings and the catlike, oddly moving way in which it cleansed the back of its head with its forelegs. The neatness of the creature! How trim it was, how cunningly disposed the broad black band athwart the body with the three little dots on either side behind it, how trustingly it sat and made its delicate toilet on the pulsating limb of a being whose little finger was thicker than its loins! It did not seem that I was getting anywhere with my experiment. In vain I tried to shake off my mood of stultifying good humour. "Come Ira, great goddess of Wrath," I cried. "Envenom me with



your corroding bile!" But she made no move. I racked my brains for anger-producing stimulants. I considered the possibility of going indoors and drinking a great quantity of red burgundy, which sometimes induces an edginess of temper, but did not care to risk disturbing the wasp which now appeared to be asleep. So I stayed where I was, engulfed in a great tide of affection for all created things, for wasps and bees and butterflies and even neighbours: the good physician Melampus, loving them all.

A less experienced naturalist might at this stage have called off the experiment. He would have forgotten, as I was in danger of doing myself,

that in order to prove that a stimulus A sets up a reaction B it must first be ascertained that B would not result even in the absence of A; and this was what, with unconscious skill, I had so far been establishing. In the absence of anger on my part, wasps were not stinging to-day. This is what we call a "control," an absolutely essential feature of scientific biological study. Having recognised that fact, I accepted and indeed encouraged my mood. I let placidity have its head. Anger no doubt would come later, the more easily because unbidden. In the meantime I revelled in benevolence. In an almost unearthly sweetness of temper I continued to till the soil.

And nature did not fail to respond. Blackbirds gathered. Moths fluttered and clung. Drawn by so powerful an emanation of kindliness and sympathy, worms came up out of the earth and fieldmice stole about the heels of my boots. Wasps arrived in scores buzzing

Sempé

eagerly about me as though I were some gigantic tin of instant ale. The air grew full of the beatings of insects' wings and the ground lay thick all round me with tiny furred and feathered bodies, so that it was impossible to find a place to thrust in my spade or indeed to carry on any kind of activity without disturbing the serried ranks. Such a bonanza of sweetness and light was never yet seen—and there suddenly flashed into my mind, I cannot tell why, a vision of the Committee of 100 and the Council for Action and all the mighty host of leaguers and layabouts and squatters and marchers and martyrs and saviours of mankind from Aldermaston to Holy Loch and back by way of Bow Street and Beachy Head.

It must have been a coincidence that I was stung, almost simultaneously, eighty-seven times.

Wish You Were Here

SOMEWHERE IN CORNWALL

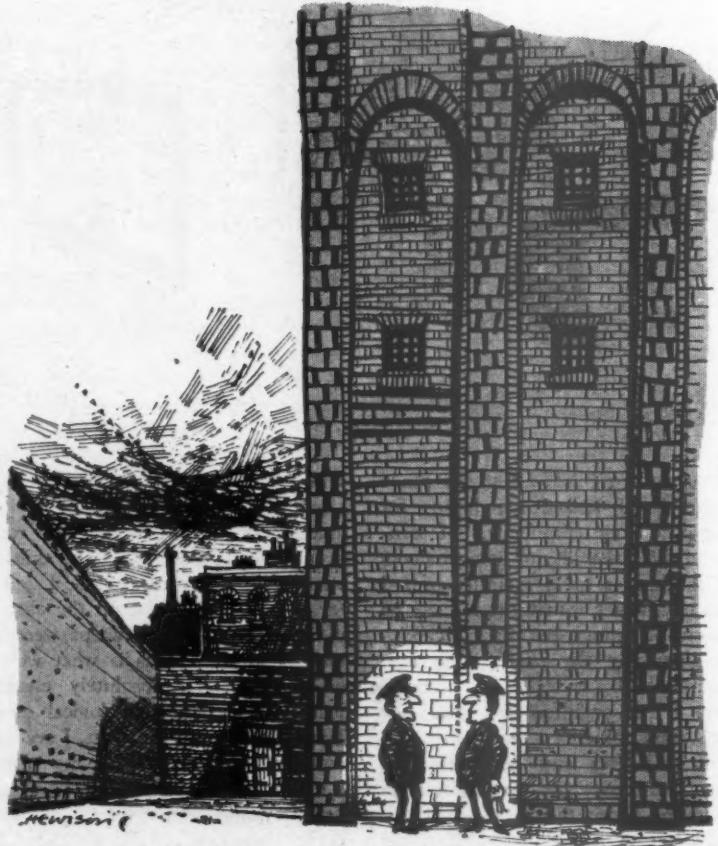
AFTER popping in on Polperro, Mevagissey, Looe and Tintagel and seeing what's been done to them all (there's a sign saying "King Arthur's Car Park" in Tintagel) the name of this last unspoilt steep estuary-side village is being withheld from all but approved applicants. Our cottage overlooks the harbour and its multi-coloured sails, also the toy bakehouse, which periodically belches a gust of steam, denoting a fresh tray of pasties—or loaves of either colour which, carried home, are painfully hot through their tissue-paper. A small car can get down the street (though not up again perhaps), but a large car can't. So the genial local voices, with their "you'ms" and "they'ms" carry pleasantly over the cobbles. One misguided pub has television and no customers. A passenger-and-bicycle ferry plies spiritedly across the river. Absolutely nothing happens . . . Yet, what's this? A ship with a Bilbao registration, outward bound, heavy in the water with china clay. And the village policeman, in shirt-sleeves, is being rowed about in a dinghy. Purely recreational, I'd say. The early morning sun turns the farther bank into a Cornish Canaletto. The salts sit on the jetty, smirking at the landlubbers' knots. And time goes by . . . alas, alas.

— T.J.F.

"It says 'to be continued.' "



BOMB BANNERS

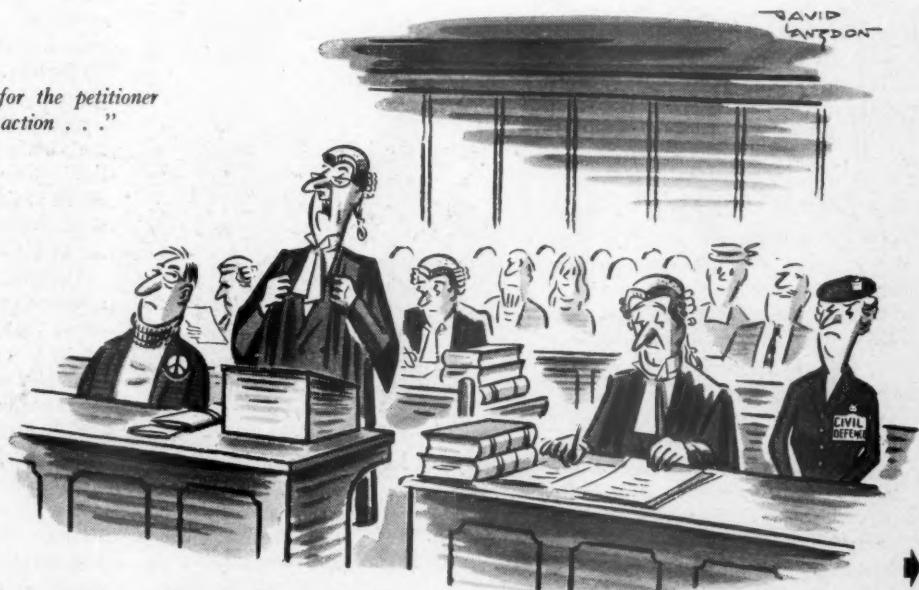


"It's remarkably quiet in my block; the ban-the-bomb lot are busy on three plays, five books and thirteen newspaper articles exposing prison conditions."



"But I've been here every day for twenty years."

*"M'lud, I appear for the petitioner
in this divorce action . . ."*





"Fall-out be damned, Harriet!
You just haven't got green fingers."



"Why Grandmama, what
large deterrents you have!"

Farewell the Peaked Cap

THE publishing world, always disinclined to follow the dictates of mere journalism, had until quite recently been slow to realise the potentialities of the new Golden Era of Professional Football. Now, of course, the situation is very different. The old conception of the game as a sad alleviation of working-class misery, a proletarian lifeboat in a sea of squalor and unemployment, is dead.

We have such new novels as Lyndon Portcullis's *Turnstile!*, a striking illustration of the manner in which the wind of change has swept across the terraces and into the literary stockade. Clive Ackleroyd, wonder inside-right of Botling Wanderers, for whom Mortadellaccio, the Italian league leaders, have paid 250,000,000,000 lire, lives a life of elegant luxury in his Milan penthouse. He has an expensive car, paid for by the club, an Italian *fidanzata*, acquired privately, and a hysterically faithful following at the *Foro*. Yet happiness eludes him. Can it be the call of his old ground, Mudlane Park? Are his roots yet deep in fogbound Botling, despite the veneer of international sophistication? This is a well-organised *novella* which brings into sharp focus the psychological strain inseparable from life in Big Football.

Towards The Goal suffers, to my mind, as a result of the excessive commitment of its author. Morton Breathchild, whose first soccer novel *Keep It On The Island!* won the Prix de Highbury last year, has created in Father Len Slope, the footballing padre, an inimitable character, but one more acceptable to transatlantic readers than to British. The story of his conversion of a gang of teenage delinquents by means of "the Great Game" is an exciting one but strains belief somewhat. "Fred," he

By J. E. HINDER

says to a lad who has recently knifed his mother, "In the Game of Life it doesn't pay to hang on to the ball. Give it out to the wings more, but if you must try to burst through the middle—don't use your elbows! And remember—the whole team suffers when the Big Referee gives a penalty against you!" Small wonder that Fred is soon in trouble again. On a minor point of history: *Leyton Orient* in 1938?

Love and Football are inseparable in several books out this month. In Mabel Lucy Watcliff's *Passion's Transfer* it is a case of infatuation from kick-off to final whistle when cultured man-about-town centre-forward Mark Brumshaw meets Lady May Matthews, the new secretary of the Supporters' Club. Yet in the world of football, as elsewhere, the course of true love seldom runs smooth. However, Cupid eventually finds a path to the goal and at the end it is just a question of wedding-bells and promotion to Division One. In *Love In The Covered Stand*, her latest romance, Ethel Sawntry deals amusingly with goalkeeper Cyprian Dardwickle's successful struggle to win back his fiancée, who is temporarily dazzled by the Continental finesse of Lodovico Mantalini, Slaithwaite United's Sicilian importation. A keen knowledge of the finer points of the game, coupled with a sure instinct for delineating the way of a footballer with a maid makes this a very readable book.

Other books not received:

Wanton at White Hart Lane, by James Poker Trace.

Malgré and the Referee's Mistress, by Jules Parthenon.

Murder in the Penalty Area, by Agnes Beastie.

Teenagers for Wembley!, by Burp Restless.



Courage, etc.

Thoughts on seeing birdman Mick Walton described as "intrepid"

INTREPID is the proper word
For those who build ungainly wings
Of cord and canvas, splints and springs,
And seek to imitate a bird.

Dauntless, upon the other hand,
Is mostly used of people who
Have earned the word by trudging through
Tangles of jungle, wastes of sand.

Fearless is generally said of
Sporting reporters, politicians
And other people whose positions
Can give them naught to be afraid of.

Gallant is anyone who fails
In doing what he tried to do;
It's sometimes used of women too,
Perhaps for failing to be males.

Intrepid, though, is still the word
For those who show no sign of fright
At leaping from some towering height
Or being thought a bit absurd.

— PETER DICKINSON



Our Man in America

Not for nothing is P. G. WODEHOUSE known as Old Hawk-Eye

FOR years apparently American Senators have been putting their trousers on all wrong. This was brought to light when Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House, suffering from pains in the back, went to the President's physician, Dr. Janet Travell, and got a thorough going-over. The examination concluded, he started to put on his trousers in the manner to which he had become accustomed, hopping on one foot while shoving the other leg through, and Dr. Travell, visibly moved, told him that it was doing this that had strained his back, and what he ought to do was sit down, draw up both trouser legs to the knees and then stand up and complete the operation. So all the Senators are doing that now, and cricks in the back are unknown. One might put it by saying that happiness reigns supreme.

Though as a matter of fact the Senate were feeling pretty happy even before that, for they recently engaged Robert Sonntag, a native of Alsace-Lorraine, to cook for them. Until then about all the food available in the Senate restaurant had been hamburgers, bean soup, cold cuts and fried bread crumbs, and you can't have happy, well-fed law-givers on such a menu. M. Sonntag has changed all that. Go into the Senate restaurant to-day, and you will find the Gentleman from Mississippi tucking into *Timbale de ris de veau Toulousiane*, while the Gentleman from Illinois squares his elbows over a plateful of *Mignonette de poulet petit-Duc*, and both, what's more, shouting for second helpings.

The only trouble is that now when they sit down, draw up the trouser

legs to the knees and endeavour to complete the operation, they can't make their trousers meet at the waist. There is always, as somebody has well remarked, something.

More than once in these columns I have commented on the courtesy which meets one nowadays all over the United States, and when Mrs. Frances Knight, chief of the US Passport Office, broke into print not long ago with a letter saying that the 25,000 employees at Idlewild Air Port were a bunch of uncouth pluguglies who wouldn't recognise politeness if you served it up to them on an individual blue plate with watercress round it—I quote from memory—I felt as if I had been slapped in the face with a wet fish.

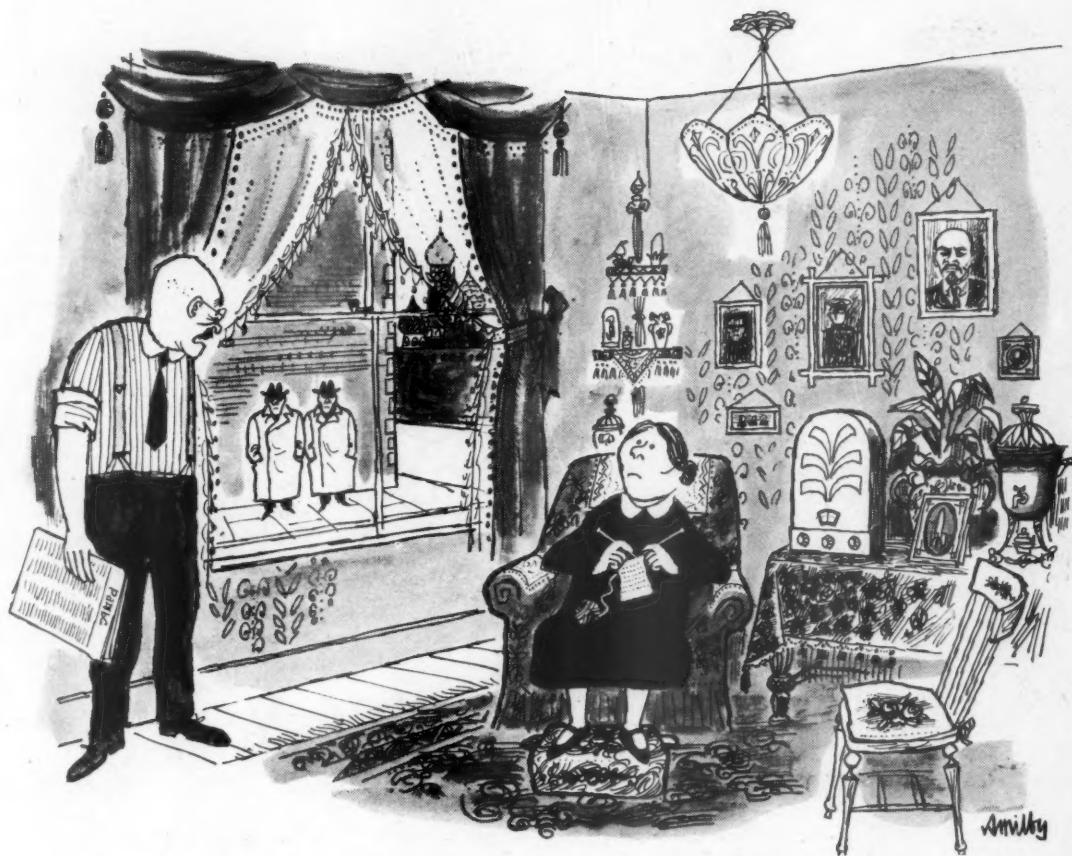
Fortunately, when a reporter from my Long Island paper went down there, posing as a foreigner speaking practically no English and trying to find (1) lost luggage (2) how to get to New York (3) change for five hundred francs and (4) had anybody seen her strayed poodle, she met with nothing but willing helpers all the way. The Chevalier Bayard, she says, could have picked up hints from them and Lord Chesterfield have taken their correspondence course.

So that's all right. And, anyway, whatever Mrs. Knight says, she could never convince Stanley W. Forsack of Long Beach, L. I., that the spirit of courtesy is not in mid-season form in modern America. Pulled in for speeding and haled before Judge John E. Holt-Harris, he was fined \$35. He said he hadn't got that much. The Judge made it \$30, but still Stanley couldn't oblige. Searching in his wallet, he could only chip in with \$29. So Judge Holt-Harris very decently pulled out a dollar of his own and added it to the kitty, making up the required sum.

One of the great masters of ceremonies at boxing tourneys, known to everyone as Harry, has recently retired, leaving behind him lessons from which it is to be hoped his successors will profit. It was Harry who insisted that the customary "May the best man win" was ungrammatical and banal, so he changed it to "May the better man emerge victorious." He hated racial bigotry. Before the Joe Louis-Carnera title bout at the Yankee Stadium, the atmosphere was so surcharged with hostility that



"I thought Benton did a first-class job, didn't you?"



"Nina, you haven't had another request played by Victor Sylvester?"

police reserves had been summoned, but Harry put that right.

"Leave us view this contest without anchor or prejudice," he shouted, and the crowd, saying to themselves that the chap had a point there, did so.

A writer in the *New York Herald Tribune* was saying a good word the other day for the black bears of New York State. Except for a certain grumpiness, he says, they are not bad neighbours, having neither the awe-inspiring size of the Alaskan brown bear nor the chronic bad temper of the grizzly. And now, it seems, the New York State Conservation Department is planning to attach radio broadcasting outfits to these bears in order that their wanderings may be tracked. Will there, one asks oneself, be sponsors, and will the bears start fighting among themselves

over ratings? Only one of them in all probability will be engaged to appear on the Jack Paar show, and this must lead to jealousy and bad feeling. Once encourage the ham that lurks in every bear, and there is no saying what the harvest will be.

It is never easy to get Patrolman Horace Duke of Portland, Oregon, worked up about anything. Those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance report him as a rather stolid, matter-of-fact officer. Assigned not long ago to investigate a telephone call to a woman, telling her "You will be blown up by an atom bomb at 3 a.m.," he waited with the complainant until after the hour mentioned, and then sent in his report. It read:

"This did not materialise. I resumed patrol."

In Next Wednesday's PUNCH

AFTER THE BOMB

Experts consider the emergency plans of various national authorities

A WORD IN YOUR EAR

By MICHAEL FFOLKES



"This is the place—I can smell the fried onions."



"Picking up any new expressions, dear?"



"You'd think RADA would know how to iron a shirt."

"Let's give 'em something cheerful —
Tynan says it's real dreary."



COMING OFF SHORTLY

"It contains adultery, incest, murder and goodness knows what else, but it's all lightly treated and done for laughs."



All Dressed Up and Nowhere to Go

A Poor Man's Guide to the Affluent Society

By **MALCOLM BRADBURY**

5—How to be Middle Class

THERE was a time when it was virtually impossible to find anyone with a good word to say for the British middle classes. Myths abounded about the honest British working man and the eccentric English milord, but the bourgeoisie were universally known as stuffy, money-making and poor in mind and spirit. The upper classes found them painfully emulative and snobbish, and the working classes saw them as individualistic and toffee-nosed. Even the middle classes themselves found it hard to justify their follies, and no one castigated them more violently than writers, artists and intellectuals, most of whom came from middle-class origins themselves. The rejection of their philistine upbringing was almost an essential, perhaps the first, stage in their apprenticeship; having symbolically killed their fathers, they could get on with the job.

Thus when I was a student and used to spend my time wearing brown trousers and reading poetry to dissentient groups in cellars, one of our main lines of protest was against the middle classes. The phrase itself was a dirty word, and it was a good formulation to use to make girls cry when you were telling them that chastity was an outmoded concept. And when I came to deal with the vexed question of what class to have in a classless society I was quite firm in asserting that there was one class *not* to have, and that was the middle class. I was of course right, *right for the time*; but now the signs are that the middle classes are being rehabilitated.

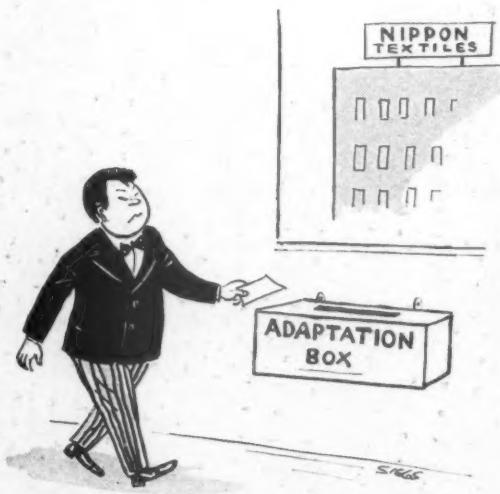
Can they be? The trend, I would suggest, is already evident. In the new study of Woodford by Peter Willmott and Michael Young you get a pretty broad hint, I think, of the way the wind is blowing. Everyone knows that to be sociologised is the next best thing to being knighted—or is, rather, its modern equivalent. The sociologising of the working class over recent years has done more than anything to make them our new playthings. For you sociologise that

which is a problem, that which is unfairly treated, that which needs attention or amendment. The studies of the Organisation Man in America taught everyone how to be one; the accounts of The Waist High Culture taught everyone how to have it; and the Kinsey Report put American sex for the first time on a firm footing. Since that time Americans have never looked back.

Naturally in moving from Bethnal Green to Woodford Willmott and Young had an instinctive repugnance to overcome; their opening sentences show them struggling violently for sociological objectivity:

When we visited Woodford it was clear that we had come to a different kind of place from Bethnal Green. East End children do not trot their ponies along forest paths wearing velvet hunting caps. East End houses do not have stone gnomes in their back-yards. There are no golf courses near the docks. The battle goes on; confronted with oatmeal wallpaper on three walls and whisky bottles converted into table lamps, our researchers show a pardonable nostalgia for harsher conditions elsewhere, where life is more real. It is hard to forgive Woodford for not being Bethnal Green, hard to take the neurotic agrarianism ("When I was young, all the way up the lane here the hedges were 10 ft. high and full of may trees, and the fields from here to the Roding were one mass of buttercups"), the almost manic regard for decency both in themselves and in others, the sado-masochistic dislike for criminals, liars and louts. But gradually Willmott softens, Young grows more gentle. Middle-class people can be generous, good-hearted, friendly. Hard though it may be, one can like them; the underdog is still the underdog, even though it is the middle classes, and the British, still, love a game little 'un.

It is still not easy to credit this new sympathy that seems to be in the air, however mild and grudging it may be; but I have come to the conclusion that there is a reason for it. Why is it that we love our nostalgic Betjeman and our reminiscent E. M. Forster? Why is it save that the middle classes, in fact, no longer exist? For the burghers of Willmott, the shopkeepers of Young, are not what one really means by the middle classes at all. The old middle classes were the people who read books, and not only read them but bought





"If you hadn't been so against transistors we'd know what's up!"

them. They went to the theatre. Their taste was often a bit for the sentimental, the schmaltzy, the Ivor Novello and the Richard Tauber-y, but it had a vaguely critical air about it, and they knew when something was really and absolutely no good. They believed in decency, a concept that Mr. Martin Green has been trying vainly to revive lately; and for once he saw that the origin of our tradition of puritan decency and nonconformity lay not in the working classes but where the working classes meet the middle classes. They believed in good manners, individual quality and in personal relationships. One of the most charming examples of disinterested aesthetic feeling seems to me to be that mass of middle-class ladies who toured the world during the nineteenth century collecting flowers and plants to bring home to English gardens. They were often exploitative, hypocritical and repressive; they also often had a strong sense of social responsibility, and socialism is to a considerable extent a middle-class movement. They believed that people, at their best, were very nice indeed; they believed in improving themselves, and others; they respected erudition, and named and described and analysed in infinite detail the world around them, even if it was no bigger than a back garden.

To belong to such a middle class, it wasn't necessary merely to have money; one had to have the same regard for the decent and the nice and the educational and the respectable. It is only to-day, when all human responsibility has been attenuated, that one can be middle class merely by having the cash and the goods. "Four bedrooms, three bathrooms, two Fords," said the American advertisements a few years ago, representing the American middle class ideal; and the same is now true over here. The old middle classes no longer exist; they are replaced by the archetypal consumer. The old middle classes believed in politeness*; the new ones believe in hygiene. The old middle-classes valued courtesy for its own sake; to the new ones, it is a way of getting ahead. The old middle classes, when they had a little money, believed in investing it wisely; the new middle classes put in it Premium

*Politeness may, possibly, come back in. Thus in America politeness to women—opening doors for them, offering one's seat, etc.—went through three fascinating stages. At one time, a man was polite to a woman because she was an inferior creature, and merited attentiveness. Then came female emancipation and, since men and women were equal, one no longer needed to be polite. Now, in America, politeness toward women has returned. This is because women are now superior and men are compelled to servility.

Bonds and sit back and hope for the best. The old standards of private middle class morality now become the standards of good public relations. What people used to do as a matter of simple courtesy they now do as a publicity gimmick. There was a time when the phrase "How nice to see you" actually expressed something about a relationship; now it is only tactic number one in influencing friends and winning people.

The new middle classes represent in fact an ideal for us all. With their two cars in the garage, with their gold-plated bath-taps, with their wall-to-wall carpeting in the bathroom and with their labour-saving kitchen, they are everyone's Joneses, the English equivalent of the *Saturday Evening Post* cover. Their soups come out of tins; they have ice in their drinks. They wear special clothes for lounging; they sit in foulard scarves in sports cars, puffing cigarettes in deep puffs. They live mostly in the south of England, in non-villages where every farm-worker's cottage has been converted into a desirable residence and the farm-labourers come out every day on the bus from the nearest town to till what fields

are left. The village shop sells antiques to trippers and the village pub, which puts on a good dinner-dance on Saturdays, is always being filmed for television interludes. They have very white teeth and nipped-in waists and they live in one place and work in another. They are the retired, the dishonest or the congenitally lazy; they are what we all want to be as soon as possible.

People will go on, no doubt, hating the middle class in the assumption that the new bourgeoisie is the same as the older middle class I have described. This is clearly unjust. The middle class is modern man, Mr. and Mrs. 1970, the average viewer, the typical housewife, bright, brand-conscious, up to date. Washing their dogs in Silvikrin, eating tinned lasagna, these people are leading us to a new vision of ourselves, a new kind of living. Only the churlish, the deviant and the escapist will protest.

Next week: The Pubertoids

The Influences of Love

By MARY DODSWORTH

WHEN I was sixteen I was desperately in need of someone to fall in love with, so I chose the curate at church. He was a small, unprepossessing man, and it was not easy to fall in love with him, his shortcomings were so obvious, but I forced myself to do it. After a time I succeeded, and thereafter attended church regularly, listened carefully to all he said, and strove to lead a religious life as far as was possible in a daily round that offered no temptations to be overcome. Not even sloth, for I spent long, contented hours on my homework for lack of anything more interesting to do.

As a more positive contribution to the religious life I said long and

complicated prayers every night. It gradually developed into a superstition with me not to skip or miss anything out—like jumping over cracks in the pavement.

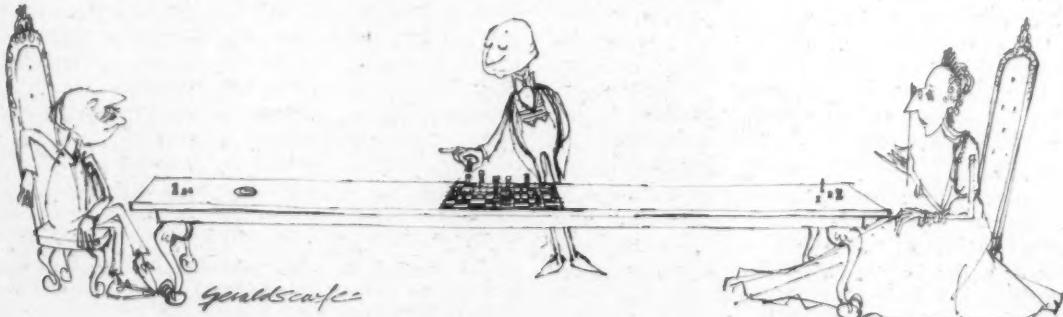
One Sunday he announced from the pulpit that in a few weeks he would be departing for the foreign mission field. I wandered back home across the Rec. feeling low-spirited. There was a band playing and I sat on a seat to listen, and indulged in melancholy thoughts. Afterwards I kept up my spirits by ardent prayers for his success.

Later he told us he would be away for three years, and I thought that then I would be nineteen, and so old I could hardly bear to think about it. I wished I could vow to be faithful to

him for as long as that. But I was too honest to be able to do it, yet I felt miserable too. The prospect of getting over this love was more horrible to me than the thought of being heart-broken for three years. I couldn't bear to think of it, and consoled myself with the fact that there were still a few more weeks before his departure.

That was true, but the next Sunday at church he said he was giving up his curacy immediately so as to have time to prepare for his future work, and he preached a farewell sermon.

This came as a shock, as I hadn't reckoned on not seeing him again after that day. I didn't know where he lived or anything about his habits, but it was holiday time, and, as I had nothing else



to do, I decided to spend my days wandering about the streets in the hope of catching another glimpse of him.

For a while I had no luck; then, one day, I saw him in the distance walking past a rag-and-bone man's cart in a rather mean area. He stopped and spoke to the rag-and-bone man, and I hurried, so as to get a closer view of him, but he went into a house near by and shut the door behind him. I walked past to note the address. The day was grey and dusty, and, although I now knew where he lived, I was depressed. He must have left soon after, because I never saw him again.

When I definitely heard that he had gone, I felt flat. Since there was no longer any point in looking for him, I had nothing to do. But I was determined to keep up my prayers for him, which I did for a few weeks. Then I gradually cut them down, although I was still sufficiently under the influence to ask for a Bible for my prize at the end of next term. My English mistress was not very pleased, and tried to dissuade me, although she had taught us to look upon the Bible as beautiful literature. But she wanted me to have a book by E. V. Lucas.

I still went to church, but I felt bored with it. I copied out Elizabethan sonnets and put them in my prayer-book to learn by heart during the sermon. I began to feel quite irreligious, and would like to have stopped going to church altogether but I didn't. It was something to do on Sunday nights.

That was the first influence that love had on my life. It made me have religious feelings that I don't suppose I would otherwise have had. I must have got over it quickly, though, because it wasn't long after that I fell in love with a man in Woolworth's. I suppose he was the branch manager, but I thought of him as the floor-walker, because he was always walking around the shop.

He looked different from any sort of man I'd seen before—svelte and suave and foreign-looking. I often dropped into Woolworth's on my way home from school so as to see him. He didn't really have much influence on my life, though, except that I went into Woolworth's more often than I would normally have done.

That love was also short-lived, because after a few weeks he vanished. It seemed as though it was impossible



Man in Office

by *Larry*



for me to settle down to a good, long, steady love. But I didn't feel as heartbroken as I had done over the curate. There was always a hope that he might come back, and that kept me going until I had forgotten him altogether.

These two experiences of love were just a case of worshipping from afar, which, as I was shy, suited me quite well. But my next encounter was of the real two-way variety, and as well as being much more agitating, really did have a surprising influence on my future.

As I have said, I still continued to go to church on Sunday evenings, although I no longer felt religious. That winter happened to be the first in which I wore grown-up clothes. I mean silk stockings instead of black school ones and a fashionable coat instead of navy blue.

Dirty pink was all the fashion that year; you couldn't get anything else

in the shops. Every winter it was a different colour: that was the form fashion took in our town. So I had a dirty pink coat and a hat to match and champagne-coloured artificial silk stockings. For the first time I felt smart and pretty, and it did not take me many Sundays to notice that two youths sitting in front of me at church thought the same. They were always turning round to look at me.

When I discovered from their hats that they went to my brother's school, I found out all I could about them from him. But that wasn't very much, because he wasn't interested in the subject. I got quite interested, though, and after a few weeks contrived to go to church alone. As I was coming out, these two youths caught me up and spoke to me. The elder was tall and dark and quite handsome in a solemn way. His eyes, I remember, were like cows' eyes. The younger was fair, and

altogether more lively, and I preferred him on the whole, although he was not so good-looking. But before we had reached the end of the road leading from the church the elder one had asked me to go to the Pavilion with him the following Saturday night.

Although I was rendered almost speechless with confusion and surprise, I accepted. The Pavilion was a kind of music-hall, a white-painted, wooden building with a lot of fretted decorations. It looked more suitable for the seaside than the fringes of our industrial town. People we considered rather fast used to go there regularly every Saturday night. My mother was filled with misgivings about the step I was about to take, but she comforted herself as far as she could with the thought that the boys came from respectable families.

As Saturday drew near what worried me most was what I was going to talk about to this solemn-faced young man. My brother had told me that he was in the sixth form and preparing to go to Cambridge to read for a classics degree, so it was obvious that only serious and

lofty subjects would interest him. I wrote down in tabular form as many suitable remarks as I could think of, and learned them by heart.

But when the night came these remarks all flew out of my head, and when I spoke my voice was so low and strangled he often didn't notice that I'd spoken at all. I was thinking so hard about some things to say during the interval and after the show was over, that I scarcely noticed what was going on on the stage, so if some of the jokes were broad, as my mother had feared, I was in no condition to take them in. I was surprised when he asked me to go again the following week.

The visit to the Pavilion became a weekly fixture, and gradually my agitation subsided until I was able to make stilted conversation without getting palpitations and losing my voice. I did not actually decide that I was in love until one day he told me it was his intention to enter the church. Then, remembering the curate, I knew that it was my fate to marry a parson, and stopped hankering after the fair and

lively friend, whom I still saw at church.

Soon I convinced myself that I was deeply in love, and mooned about and read poetry. At school I devoted myself passionately to Latin, and came out top in every test. I bitterly regretted that we didn't learn Greek at school so that I too could go to a university and take a classics degree.

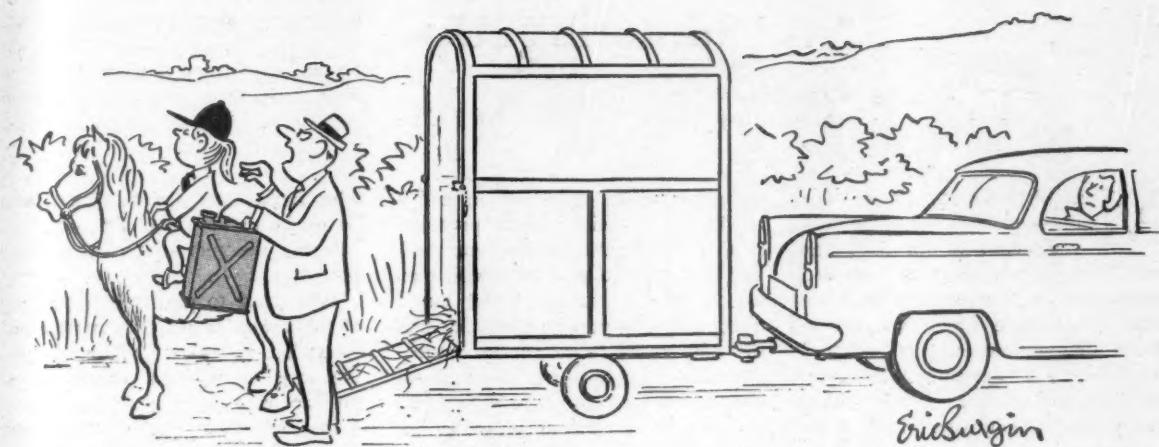
Hitherto English had always been my speciality, and I was the particular favourite of the English mistress—the one who had tried to dissuade me from having the Bible for a prize. But now I was to do something that grieved her much more.

One day, driven on by the influence of love, I went to my Latin mistress, and told her I wanted to learn Greek, that my one desire was to take a degree in classics. Flattered and pleased, and glad too to have a chance of scoring off the masterful English mistress, she promised to give me Greek lessons—secretly, every day in the lunch hour.

Of course this could not go on for long without being discovered, and the result was that the English mistress,



"I've given you the best years of my expense account."



"All right then—and threepence for going!"

hitherto my staunch ally and friend, cast me out of her favour for ever. There was unpleasantness all round, and after an enquiry into which my parents and the headmistress were dragged, Greek was entered on the curriculum of the school as an extra subject—I was irrevocably committed.

This was a pity, as some time before these things were accomplished I received a note from my classical boyfriend to say that he had promised his family never to see me again. "You yourself must realise," he said, "that in order to do one's best it is necessary to concentrate on the work in hand."

Yes, I reflected bitterly, but his work in hand was not a subject he disliked intensely. For, after all the trouble I had had I was really beginning to hate Greek—and this letter just clinched it. In addition to which my heart was broken.

There didn't seem to be much left to live for. Only one event enlivened the monotonous time that followed. The Pavilion was burned to the ground. Next morning I went out and looked at the black timbers lying higgledy-piggledy on the ground where the white Pavilion had stood. It was a good moment for moralising about life and love. So I stood there and drew some comparisons between the ruins and the way my life had been ruined by the influence of love, and at such an early age too.

Gradually I began to cheer up a little after this, but it took a long time, and I never could make myself like Greek, although I tried hard.

To My Husband— on his Retirement

NOW that you're giving up your job
And really coming home to stay,
The problem all your friends foresee
Is how you'll occupy your day;
And everyone I meet enquires
"What will he do when he retires?"

You do not hunt or shoot or fish,
You do not sail, you do not climb,
You don't play golf or bridge or chess,
You call my crosswords waste of time,
You don't like singing in a choir—
What will you do when you retire?

You've never sat upon the Bench,
For public work you do not care,
Committee-meetings drive you mad,
You've no ambition to be Mayor,
To Parliament you don't aspire—
What will you do when you retire?

I'll tell you: you will walk the dogs,
And clean the car, and weed and hoe,
And feed the hens, and saw the logs,
And stoke and shop and paint and mow—
In fact, take on some jobs I do,
For I shall be retiring too.

—CICELY BOAS

Summing Up

By R. G. G. PRICE

MEMBERS of the Jury: The question you have to ask yourselves, as far as I can make out, is not what the accused intended when he struck the blow but what would have been intended in identical circumstances by a Law Lord at the height of his powers. However, the Court of Criminal Appeal would hardly wish me to leave a branch of the law that is evolving rapidly in so naïve a clarity and I hurry to direct you to turn your minds to the question of whether inability to form an intention owing to a defect of the understanding really matters much if all legal intentions are to be considered notional.

This ass in the dock has, as it were, a doppelganger, a sensible, well brought

up, self-controlled shadow-twin, and it is with the well-oiled mental processes of this twin that you are concerned. You may object that no reasonable man would have struck the blow; but I direct you as a matter of law that it is the duty of every citizen to conduct himself as though liable at any moment to have his acts judged as if they had in truth been performed not by his illogical, nervy, muddled self but by this obtrusively well-balanced double. If there is a conflict of evidence between

what the accused did think and what he ought to have thought, your task becomes the more interesting and I congratulate you.

It is usual to punctuate expositions of the law at its most theoretical with somewhat patronising admonitions to the jury to consider themselves so ordinary as to be slightly sub-normal. I therefore direct you that you must divest yourselves of those qualities and capacities that, in fact, distinguish you from the juror of legal fiction. Although I see among you a professor of philosophy at whose feet I once sat, my accountant, a brilliant physician who diagnosed an obscure gland condition in my wife and a recently retired lieutenant-general, as well as two ladies who have taken pounds off me at bridge, you must persuade yourselves that you all alike come from that section of society which spends its days in repetitive manipulatory tasks and its evenings watching the commercials on television or playing Bingo.

However, it is my duty, having once convinced you that you are barely literate, immediately to assume that you are capable of following and retaining the most abstruse distinctions between mental states and that such terms as "Will," "Intention" and "Assumption" are in constant use by you.

It is also customary to issue warnings to a jury. I therefore warn you to disregard any decided cases known to you but not cited in these proceedings. It has been suspected that jurors sometimes smuggled contraband copies of Kenny's *Outlines of Criminal Law* into the jury room. This may well be a breach of their oaths and in any case is liable to prolong their jury service. It would be better, perhaps, if you left with the bailiff all textbooks of psychiatry and the works of Coke, Blackstone and Lord Denning.

Let me now, having refreshed you, turn back to the case upon which, before many days have passed, you will have to give your decision. I do not wish the Court of Criminal Appeal to find that the guidance I have given



"I see it's going to be one of those days."

you is jejune. It is my duty to be exhaustive, thorough and impeccable rather than lucid, simple and helpful. Indeed, were you truly the little people you are conventionally assumed to be, not more than three sentences, and those generalised in content and slangy in expression, would be all you would be likely to retain in your minds between the jury-box and the retiring-room. "Cor, if you believe that you'd believe anything" would be the style of address most likely to do its work.

But the real audience of a summing up is not twelve good citizens and true, for whom, as many investigations have shown, a quarter of an hour is the maximum span of oral attention, but three of my colleagues who, like myself, have never sat on a jury and prefer to disbelieve the tales they hear of what really happens during deliberations. It is to avoid the loss of face consequent on a reversal rather than with any real hope of making the present state of the law comprehensible to laymen that I plough gamely on.

The law holds the sane adult liable for the foreseeable consequences of his acts, foreseeable, that is, by the kind of man who would never commit a crime. (Or rather sometimes some judges have held it.) You cannot be held guilty of a crime unless you had a guilty mind at the time of committing it; but the existence of this guilty mind can be inferred from the commission of acts which would make the upright man feel guilty. I hope you are with me so far—not that it will make the slightest difference if you are not. Even if the mind of the man who commits the act be empty of intention or, indeed, filled with some other or even contradictory intention, the law will, at any rate this term, fit him out with an intention so that he can be held to possess the guilty mind so necessary to a conviction that will stand up on appeal.

Now let us take a hypothetical case... but perhaps at this point it may be convenient to adjourn. I must warn you not to talk about this case to outsiders and not to attempt to work out among yourselves whether I am hoping you will acquit or convict. To-day, Members of the Jury, I have, perhaps, been oversimplifying; but to-morrow I shall reveal to you the full, rich complexity of the law which you will have to apply.



"Take it, Sir — in the immortal words of Sir Philip Sidney, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine'!"

At the Bike Auction

By BARRY SPACKS

WHEN my wife and I were in Cambridge, England, researching on a Fulbright grant, we were told by all the natives that it would be absurd to contemplate a long stay without bicycles. Further, we were advised to wait for a police auction and so make a killing in the second-hand cycle market. Such auctions are held regularly in the yard of the main police station off Downing Place, and result from the theory that, since bicycles left on the street after midnight might, possibly, be stolen, it is better for the police to take them into protective custody.

The atmosphere at the bike sale my wife and I attended was very much

like that of a cattle market; all the bikes were tangled together in close-ranked intimacy, roped off in lots like beasts in pens, with prospective bidders struggling decorously to get a look at the choicer machines, consulting in whispers and jotting down the numbers of various specimens. We did the same, examined headlights and three-speed gears, punched saddles, even sighted along the length of a bike or two, one eye closed, to check alignment; but it wasn't until just before the bidding began that we found her, the bicycle of an amazon, queening it over a mixed lot of female machines in a corner pen. We were instantly committed.

I should explain that my wife, who

is five foot ten, had convinced herself, and me, that only an exceptionally tall bike could keep her feet from dragging along the ground. The one we had spotted was indeed exceptionally tall—its handlebars extended a full foot above those of its neighbours; among female bicycles it was obviously as big as they come. By the time we had congratulated each other on this discovery the bidding had already begun, guided by a breezy, dapper auctioneer from the firm of Catling and Son. In no time at all I had purchased, for the equivalent of five dollars, a quite respectable but unexceptional bicycle for my own use. The Amazon was not due to come under the hammer for some time, and I had a chance to look around. I particularly wanted to locate the source of a baritone voice which had been starting every series of bids with the outrageously low offer of five bob. "Here's a fine looking machine," the auctioneer would say, "Somebody start us off." And, like Echo, the voice would return "Fiiiiive-bob!" in the parabolic lilt of a roller-coaster. The auctioneer would appear incredulous, mock-offended, and then, like the crowd, indulgent and amused. I spotted the young man in question off to one side, standing on a chair which he must, surely, have brought with him. A little fellow, who really needed a chair, and was obviously

enjoying his joke, he arched up on his toes like a cockerel to throw out his repeated challenge to those who took bicycles as something more than a five-bob affair.

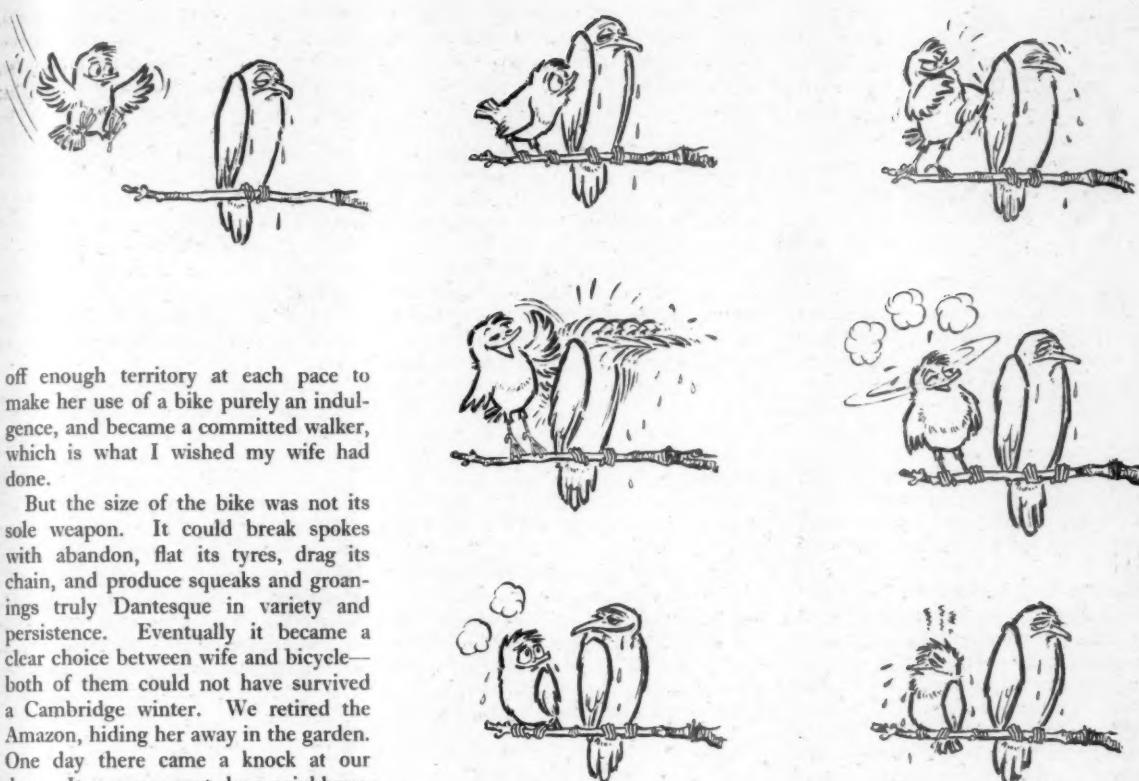
The yard was more than half empty when the machine we were after came up for its turn. As it hove into view a titter of amusement rose from the crowd. It seemed bigger than ever, a sit-up-and-beg model with high, old-fashioned handlebars and a frame like an iron bedstead. I had misgivings about it then, but my wife assured me in whispers that I had to buy it, because we'd never get a chance at another bike so perfectly suited to her size. I did not start the bidding, however—the young man on the chair took care of that, this time altering his offer to *two* shillings, delighting all present. His interest in the Amazon was purely comic; the bike seemed to encourage in him that free-wheeling madness by which all Cambridge undergraduates are sometimes possessed. Bidding up an over-sized female bike, like roof-climbing or fence-leaping or the transporting of a delivery van to the top of the Senate House, expresses and channels off the idiosyncrasy and courage which once found its major outlet in Empire-building.

I bid ten shillings on the bike. My opponent countered with an offer of

ten and six. Again the crowd laughed, again he had drawn blood, and now there was no stopping him. Of course, I was lost in the kind of obsession that auctions produce, and he upped me by sixpences all the way, finally retiring with a leap from his chair as I found myself the owner of a very large bicycle and a debt to the auctioneer of four pounds even, far, far too much to pay for this particular specimen. My wife, however, was pleased and treated me like a hero as we waited to bid on some bicycle baskets scheduled at the end of the auction. The young man was up on his chair again, back to opening five-bob bids. I thought I detected a wink in our direction, but this would not have been his style, and perhaps I was mistaken. Only a few bikes remained to be sold, the saddest ones of the day, and with most of the competition gone the young man finally did win a machine for his own. He had to go up to seven bob to get it, but he got it. Giving an unrestrained crow of triumph, he claimed his bike, seated his chair upon it, and left the yard amid scattered applause.

From the moment it re-entered human service, the Amazon we bought proved a hopeless embarrassment. My wife had not been able to ride the bike at first because the tyres were flat, and, after this matter had been attended to (new tyres), because she could not mount it. Even with the saddle shortened to its lowest position, the bike couldn't be approached successfully by a rider unless he was already elevated a foot or so on a curb or garden hoarding. Then there was the problem of returning to earth again once mounted—the bike was so successful at keeping the feet high that there seemed no way of getting off it at all, short of a 45-degree list. My wife developed a non-stop style of riding that depended heavily on the mercy of green lights and a scarcity of traffic policemen. As I followed behind at a milder pace, and much closer to the ground, I developed a theory as to the circumstances through which my wife's bike had passed from the hands of its original owner to those of the police. The girl had had her bike picked up, couldn't find time to call for it, and was reduced to walking for a few days; being at very minimum seven feet tall, she soon discovered that she could bite





HARGREAVES

Cultural Exchange

FOR weeks the diplomats had daily met
 In conference under the massive chandelier,
 Punctilious in protocol, faultless in etiquette,
 Each the still centre of a revolving fear,

Achieving precisely nothing until one day,
 To save themselves from utter loss of face,
 They finally agreed, to quote the communiqué,
 That "cultural exchanges should take place . . ."

Pictures appeared in the press of their rival nations—
 A Reclining Figure swinging from a crane;
 A *corps de ballet* receiving tremendous ovations;
 A leading lady alighting from a plane . . .

Strange that this mutual sharing of the mind's treasure
 Should be merely a by-product of political volition
 And pass into official history only as the measure
 Of failure of a diplomatic mission.

— E. V. MILNER

off enough territory at each pace to make her use of a bike purely an indulgence, and became a committed walker, which is what I wished my wife had done.

But the size of the bike was not its sole weapon. It could break spokes with abandon, flat its tyres, drag its chain, and produce squeaks and groanings truly Dantesque in variety and persistence. Eventually it became a clear choice between wife and bicycle—both of them could not have survived a Cambridge winter. We retired the Amazon, hiding her away in the garden. One day there came a knock at our door. It was our next door neighbour. "I say," he said. "Your overflow's running." I thought about this for a minute, not knowing what he meant. He pointed up. "Someone taking a bath?" he asked, indicating a little pipe that emerged through the wall from the bathroom; it was pouring a large stream of water down the side of the house. My wife was, indeed, taking a bath; her baths are long and famous (she once read the whole of *Ulysses* while in the bath). "I was worried about the bicycle," said the neighbour, fearful that he should seem to be prying. The bicycle lay beneath the force of the deluge; and as the man's concern grew, I realised that in England bicycles are probably sanctified and taken with their owner to the tomb. "You can have it," I said to him. "Really?" said the man. "Really?" He wheeled it reverently away. It's difficult to imagine what he did with it, but by now it must have gotten back to the police auction several times, and I find it very easy to imagine a long series of green Americans bidding wildly for it against a humorous young man on a chair, with tall, eager wives urging them on.



Finding the Money

THE holiday doldrums in the Stock Exchange are outlasting their normal span. This is hardly surprising, given the ominous uncertainties that loom ahead. And yet, despite Berlin, the vacuum at the United Nations and a 7 per cent Bank rate, a great deal of new money is being raised in the London capital market by a varied assortment of undertakings, from breweries to retail stores, property companies and unit trusts.

Markets may languish or doze, but savings continue to accumulate. Last year, as a formidable blue book on the National Income instructs us, personal savings amounted to more than £1,400 million, or at the rate of some £27 million a week. Of this nearly £15 million a week was being canalised through life offices, pension funds and similar institutions. It is not surprising, therefore, that this copious flow, which is probably running even more generously this year, should be tapped by those companies which need more capital.

The difference which political uncertainties and the credit squeeze make is that the bidder for capital must offer something extra: either a gimmick or particularly attractive terms. One bait which has proved very successful is to couple an issue of debentures carrying a reasonably attractive rate of interest with the right to convert these into Ordinary shares at future dates and at prices fixed in advance. Despite the appearance of markets, the lure of the equity is still sufficiently strong to give such conversion rights the spice needed to lift an issue above the rut into which so many straightforward offers of debenture issues have fallen in recent months.

The latest example of this technique was that provided by the powerful brewery group of Courage Barclay and Simonds. They know how to brew attractive financial terms as well as good beer. They offered £7½ million of 6½ per cent debentures at £99; but what made the issue was the right to convert into Ordinary shares at graduated but attractive prices up to the year

1965. The result was heavy oversubscription and a steady investment demand which quickly raised the price of these debentures to a premium of more than £7 above the price of issue. Thus by a judicious admixture of equity yeast the company has been able to borrow on appreciably cheaper terms than would have been feasible if it had contented itself with a traditional debenture issue.

Another gimmick is to make an issue of Ordinary shares on what are known as "rights" terms. These are reserved for existing shareholders and the price at which the new shares are offered is normally well below that at which the old shares are quoted in the market. There are powerful arguments in favour of raising capital by the issue of Ordinary shares when the cost of the alternative, namely the issue of fixed interest securities, would be wellnigh prohibitive.

Two good examples of first-class companies choosing this method have just been provided by Debenhams and London County Freehold and Leasehold Properties. Debenhams, who are more than holding their own in the battle of the retail giants, are raising £4½

million by the issue of one new share at 42s. 6d. for fifteen already held. This is nearly 10s. below the price of the old shares before the new issue was announced. The shareholder's readiness to put up the cash will be stimulated by indications that the profits for the past year have risen by more than 10 per cent.

In the case of London County, which must be ranked among the blue chips of the property world, the amount to be raised by a similar rights issue is £1½ million. If the result of this rights issue is to depress the price of the existing shares, this will be a good opportunity to buy.

Lastly, a good way of tapping savings is the issue of a good unit trust which can plead the record of able and successful management. One such is "Scotbits" whose funds are invested in Scottish banks, insurance companies and investment trusts. It is offering five million units at 5s. each. The steady saver who, over the past ten years, had put £5 a month in these units would have found his investment of £600 worth £1,805 to-day. If, like a true Scot, he had reinvested and accumulated the dividends that £600 would be worth £2,089 to-day.

— LOMBARD LANE

In the Country



Rookery Crooks

THEY say that when rooks seem to drop in their flight, as if pierced by a shot, it foreshadows rain. Why? At least the cows who lie down before a shower to keep a dry patch for themselves have a good reason.

Rooks are, however, more intelligent than most of our birds, and so there may be something in it. But, like me, they are lazy. If there is part of their old nest, they will use it—but they will not be allowed to exercise squatter's rights on the old nest of any other pair. So poor construction one year means starting from scratch when the nesting season comes round again. The chances are that these birds will try to blame the tree for the collapse of the nest and choose another site, though in the same rookery.

Who chooses the site? It's difficult to tell, but it seems as though that is the prerogative of the male. It's a crafty

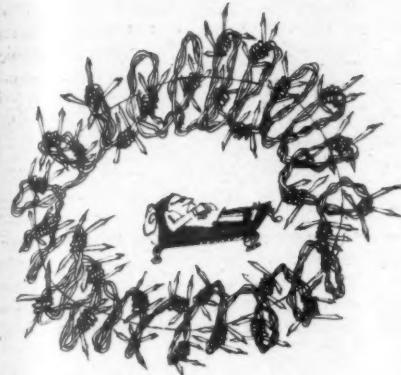
manoeuvre for he then sees to it that, having done all the planning himself, it is his wife who actually builds the nest. He does deign to help gather a few twigs, but his main joy is standing by and supervising his mate's work.

When rooks build, strict security measures have to be taken. The nest should not be left unguarded, in case some other crooked rook chooses to come along and pinch the twigs from it. If, however, a nest has been deserted, that is quite a different matter, and the dismantling of it for erection elsewhere may be carried out by quite a number of birds, each fighting for the best materials.

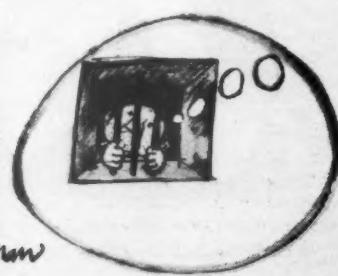
It's in the autumn that the rooks come out with their sudden flight towards the earth. I think it is just the time of year, and not the coming weather, which prompts these actions. In winter rooks join together to roost at night in certain woods in large numbers. But they stay together only for the nights. As the sky brightens they are off, and they do not come back to the rookery until evening.

During the day they feed in fairly small flocks. Some people say that they put out guards, to warn them of the approach of danger whilst they are feeding.

— JOHN GASELEE



THE SHAPE OF THOUGHT



Steptman



CRITICISM

AT THE PICTURES

A Taste of Honey
Les Jeux de l'Amour
Volcano

CONSIDERING that it is superficially an account of a depressing little episode, *A Taste of Honey* (Director: Tony Richardson) leaves one feeling thoroughly exhilarated. Partly, of course, because it is always exhilarating to see anything so well done, but mainly because, without at any point preaching or going symbolic, it is an assertion that life is worth living.

The story is about a girl in a northern port; her mother is a self-centred half-troll, rowdy and inane, but with baffling moments of a sort of kindness; when the mother decides to "marry" a flash oaf the girl strikes out on her own by making love to her one friend, a black sailor; mother and sailor leave; the girl is pregnant; casually a sad young

homosexual moves in with her, nannies her, makes her large ramshackle garret a home; the mother's man chucks out the mother, so she comes back and chucks out the boy; the baby is due any moment; end. It is the young couple's brief period, not of happiness but of perception of the possibilities of something of the sort, and the growth of love in their awkward relationship that provide the core of the film.

Rita Tushingham, an anti-beauty with features too large for her face, lumpy, scuffling, toffee-chewing, runs the girl along an uncanny zig-zag of emotions with such precision that one feels that she could say or do absolutely anything without one questioning its truth to character; one would only think, how odd that she should do that. And Murray Melvin, a long-faced deer startled amid the bush, is just as remarkable as the boy; he seems to make the film say much more about homosexuals than *Victim* did. Dora Bryan has more of a

stock part as the mother, but she seems perfectly real; one can see scrubbing floors at sixty.

This all makes it sound rather glum. In fact it is full of laughs rather on the principles of the Duke in *Father Brown*, who if he thought of a joke made it and was called brilliant and if he didn't say "This is no time for joking" and was called serious. The language is alive like weeds, and the photography is unostentatiously beautiful. I simply can't think why they should have given it an X certificate.

Though I laughed a lot, I can't say I like *Les Jeux de l'Amour* (Director: Philippe de Broca), an elegant French comedy on a triangular theme. There is a girl who wants to get married and have a baby (that, though the mainspring of the plot, is a joke; odd society we live in); a prancing manic-depressive lover who lives with her in her antique shop and doesn't want to get married or have a baby; and a harmless estate agent who loves her and is prepared to do both. They use him and disregard him as if he were another of the knick-knacks in her shop. But along the slightly nasty little plot are strung a lot of very good jokes, including a divinely simian negro who is not mentioned in the credits.

In the same programme is *Volcano*, an extraordinary film shot by Haroun Tazieff mostly inside craters all round the world. It is in colour. The commentary is poor and the continuity inept, but the pictures are quite wonderful—terrifying convulsions of ash and flame, blood-red lakes, exploding landscapes, cataracts of molten rock. Anyone who enjoys fireworks should see it.

— PETER DICKINSON

AT THE OPERA

Iphigénie en Tauride (ROYAL OPERA HOUSE)

IN some ways this opera by Gluck looks like a sequel to one that was written a century and a quarter later, the *Elektra* of von Hofmannsthal and Richard Strauss.

The last we see of Orestes in the Strauss piece is when, after an instant of giddy pause on the palace threshold—one of the most charged and terrifying



RITA TUSHINGHAM as Jo and MURRAY MELVIN as Geoffrey in *A Taste of Honey*

instants in either opera or classical drama—he moves in to avenge his father and slaughter his unspeakable mother Clytemnestra, whose shrieks, reinforced by dissonant shrillings in the orchestra, presently fill the theatre.

In Act II of *Iphigénie* at Covent Garden we renew acquaintance with him behind prison bars, taking his punishment. Not that the punishment amounts to much. It consists, in this version, of a mild clawing and pushing about by fanciful, all-black Furies who, on the opening night, at any rate, were so concerned to remember what the choreographer had said that they were incapable of frightening anybody, least of all so high-minded and well-meaning a matricide as Orestes.

Clytemnestra herself made a transient reappearance. As designed by Carl Toms and produced by Göran Gentele, she looked less like a spectre than something dug up and galvanised. As two Furies trundled her off, much as constables might handle an awkward CND customer from Trafalgar Square to the cells, she gave Orestes one of the most freezing glances the Opera House has witnessed since Callas last sang Medea there. It was a virtuous as well as freezing glance. One would have supposed that, for all her goings-on with Aegisthus and their doing-in of Agamemnon she regarded herself as very much the wronged and innocent party. It is high time she learned a thing or two about herself. Somebody down in the Shades should give her Hofmannsthal's libretto to read.

Thanks to his personal accent and wordcraft, Hofmannsthal continues to cut ice and melt stone in the theatre. Gluck's libretto, by Guillard, on the other hand, like most of the same period (second half of the 18th century) which deal with mythology and legend, is tiresome carpentry. Gluck's music, much of it in soft, melancholy browns, some of it lofty and grand, a Parthenon frieze turned into sound, is, of course, another matter. The present production is cogent and often splendid on the musical side. In mien, gesture, enunciation, tone and phrasing, Robert Massard is about as good an Orestes as could be imagined. Although handicapped by having to be sorry most of the time for herself and everybody in the precincts, Rita Gorr does well by Iphigénie's monumental vocal line.

Best of all, everything we hear is gripped, co-ordinated and shaped by a presiding mind, that of George Solti, who



ALAN DOBIE as Donald Howard and JOHN CLEMENTS as Sir Lewis Eliot in *The Affair*

deserved every decibel of the congratulatory din which greeted his first appearance as Covent Garden's musical director.

—CHARLES REID

AT THE PLAY

The Affair (STRAND)
Finders Keepers (ARTS)

IT'S a pleasure to see and hear, so many respected members of the stage's well-graced pre-mumble brigade at the Strand. The light, twisted incisiveness of Kynaston Reeves (again a college Master), David Horne in his plump pique, Gerald Cross manipulating long, ponderous sarcasms into flowing exit lines, John Clements, a virtuoso of controlled power—not forgetting some good up-and-coming younger practitioners, particularly Michael Atkinson, whose fiery sincerity has something of both Gielgud and Richardson in it . . . in fact the pleasure of the acting may seem to some the greatest attraction about *The Affair*. Many may certainly feel a stage adaptation to be the most painless way to take C. P. Snow, and wish to pass a vote of thanks to Ronald Millar for boiling down the literary dish into assimilable proportions. It is just possible that in the process the more delicate juices have escaped here and there: possibly, conveyed by dialogue alone, these closed-circuit intellectuals of university life come over as a rather depressing collection to be in charge of a nation's brightest young minds, but the dramatic

trick was well worth turning, and the playwright has been faithful to the novelist in his fashion.

Are we interested in the "story" as well as the people and the atmosphere? Of course, though perhaps not to the extent intended. From Lewis Eliot's impassioned speech at the end (like his creator, he is knighted at this stage in the Snow saga) the play seems to be a plea for more give-and-take between conflicting world ideologies; but because no hint of this larger significance has been dropped earlier the theme has almost an air of afterthought, and those who wish can content themselves with accepting the narrative as a contact print, so to speak, without troubling to blow it up on their symbolic epidiascopes.

Behind the rich parade of character is a sort of corpseless whodunit. At curtain rise Dr. Donald Howard, a junior Fellow and an avowed Red, has been deprived of his fellowship on the ground that he gained it by means of a thesis based on falsified scientific data. (Mr. Alan Dobie has already blue-printed this character in *The Tiger and the Horse*, and must try something else, for his own good, before letting anyone put him into a mac-and-cardigan for a third time.) Sullen by nature, and now numb and sick with the whole business, he is prepared to let injustice take its course; but his wife, who is even Redder, and sees the verdict as a conspiracy by the true-blue conservatives of a doomed society, enlists the sympathies of Sir Lewis in her hysterical determination to get the case reopened. She is resolved

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

"Covering *Punch*," an exhibition of artists' originals of *Punch* covers, is at Brighton Art Gallery & Museum. "*Punch* in the Theatre" is at the Athenaeum Theatre, Derry's Cross, Plymouth.



"We're practising for Paris."

not so much to see justice done as to expose the moral rottenness of all right-wingery and Establishmentarianism, and after putting Sir Lewis to a lot of trouble, and many others to embarrassment, hazard and emotional upset she gets her way and hasn't a word of thanks to offer. Gratitude is softness and decadence. Let us have no truck with the hollow sham of grace.

Developing more through character than situation the story grows steadily, at first in the somewhat chopped-up form inseparable from dramatisations of novels, but at last in a riveting third act trial scene of continuous action, rounded-off by Sir Lewis's speech for the defence, which so startlingly becomes an indictment of the folly of man. This is a good evening, supremely well presented. The five sets have been ingeniously designed by Anthony Holland, and Harold French's direction works nobly to clarify the scientific and the academic for the lay minds out in front. But for me, at any rate, the acting is the thing. It's all going to be a frightful challenge for the repertory companies.

The cast of *Finders Keepers* give readings in "literary" inflections, so that when they call on "Swate Jasus," which is often, the printed dialect is practically visible. None of the more tedious clichés of the Irish drama is omitted from this play, and beyond these it offers little except an induced wonderment that it got put on at all.

— J. B. BOOTHROYD

ON THE AIR

The Bingo Boys and Others

IN a useful article on "The Social Effects of Television" in the magazine *Progress**, that indefatigable social statistician Dr. Mark Abrams concludes that "Most people faced with the research evidence increasingly provided by sociologists would probably agree that, as far as adults are concerned, the effects of television are marginal and slight." This curious statement, which seems to suggest that viewers prefer the evidence of sociologists to that provided by their own senses and personal experience, is built apparently on the findings of Dr. W. A. Belson and Dr. J. Trenaman. Belson's researches suggested that the two and a half hours spent daily by the average family in watching TV had made no significant change in the pattern of family life—"the amount of time," Abrams says, "spent on such home-centred activities as feeding pets, cleaning windows, gardening, doing household repairs, telling the children a story" has altered only to a negligible degree. Trenaman's field of enquiry was TV and politics and his conclusions, paraphrased, were that "with slight exceptions, the concentrated outpourings on television of political news and propaganda had no ascertainable effect upon attitude changes on the part of the electorate."

* Unilever

All this reminds me of the food faddist who declared that the hair of meat-eaters was no stronger in growth than that of vegetarians.

How can seven and a half million adults watch *Tonight* (every night) without being more than "marginally" attached? I find, in ordinary everyday discussion—not the same thing perhaps as sociological field work—that ordinary people's lives are already profoundly affected by their regular consumption of *Tonight*, *Panorama* (7 million viewers), *Monitor*, *The Brains Trust*, *What the Papers Say*, *This Week* and special socio-political programmes such as *Into Europe*, and *Africa Now*. Whatever the quality of these items, and they are all at times outstandingly good, their influence on the day-by-day commerce of ideas, discussion and therefore personal relations is profound. Very little happens of any significance in the realms of art, science, politics or economics that fails to get the treatment from the TV studios, and although it is always possible to quarrel with the inadequacy, stuffiness or evasiveness of the treatment there can be little doubt that the broad effect is revolutionarily educative. One has only to listen-in to conversations in trains, pubs and clubs to be aware of this.

More than anything else, I feel, these programmes manage to engender an atmosphere of enquiring scepticism—an essential prerequisite of mental discipline and self-education. And there is no evidence that I can see to suggest—as some critics are apt to—that the scepticism is so uninformed as to qualify as useless cynicism. Of course, I am concerned here with the seven or eight millions who do regularly view these programmes, the worthy, intelligent, ladder-climbing meritocracy of Mr. Michael Young. There are millions again for whom *Tonight* and *What the Papers Say* are as intelligible as the Dead Sea Scrolls. One third of all viewers, according to Abrams, spend twenty and more hours a week watching nothing but stuff like *Emergency—Ward 10*, *Rashide*, *Cross Cross Quiz*, *Double Your Money*, *Gunslinger*, and *Danger Man*, and for the time being one can only wait for the law of diminishing returns to steal into operation. Come to think of it, perhaps it already is at work: I mean where—if they are not fugitives from repetitively moronic TV programmes—do Bingo's millions come from?

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"The Pier's Minor Hall is fitted out as a café in the summer season, and there you can enjoy light refreshments to the music of a Hammond organ, played by an imminent artist"—*Evening Post Supplement*

He mustn't give up now.

Booking Office



ANGRY YOUNG ECONOMIST

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

The Stagnant Society. Michael Shanks. Penguin Books, 3/6

WITH the possible exception of a major reform of the public schools," says Mr. Shanks towards the end of his lively tract (subtitled rather forbiddingly "A Warning"), "I do not think I have advocated anything in this book which should be anathema to the Conservative Party in its present markedly progressive mood." Well, well! Radicals, particularly those who see no hope as yet of the emergence of an effective Opposition, whether from Labour or the proposed Lab-Lib coalition, would certainly like to share the author's optimism. Among his proposals are a pay-roll tax, Government investment in private industry, substantial increases in redundancy compensation, the complete reform of factory management and the abolition of white-collar privilege and bonus preferment, British participation in the Common Market, controls, and a general application of Keynesian economic policy. And if these measures are in fact the stuff of progressive Conservative thinking I fail to see the reason for the "warning." Somewhere along the line of his argument Mr. Shanks seems to have developed a convenient but disturbing schizophrenia. His heart is undoubtedly in the right place but he woos on either side of the ideological fence with equal ardour.

He is most convincing in the section of the book devoted to an analysis of the unions and their troubles. In Britain, as in all advanced industrial societies, the number of production workers (the lads of the biggest and strongest unions) grows very slowly compared with most of the service industries, the clerical and white-collar brigade. For two reasons: because production can be and is being mechanised, and because it is the practice of affluent communities, when they have a sufficiency of consumer goods, to demand more services—which cannot readily be mechanised—to go with them. It follows that the

fruits of increased productivity, if they are to benefit all, must be shared by those actually on the production lines with many more who are not; and this makes it virtually impossible for the manufacturing unions to achieve wage-rates commensurate with increasing output. The tendency, however, is for claims to be met and immediately followed by equivalent claims from the service industries. Result, inflation.

This is one of the anomalies in our economic structure that Mr. Shanks would remove through planning at the centre, and few progressives would disagree with his general thesis. Reformed unions (with highly-paid leaders) and a reformed TUC would work hand in glove with the Chancellor, the economic ministries, the FBI, and the BEC. Capital investment would be plotted for periods of five years and the production targets of particular



industries would be approved and co-ordinated. There would however be no real compulsion, though "obviously the annual plans and wage policy decision would have to fit into this general framework." And everybody, I dare say, would be expected to hope that it would keep fine for us.

Doubts arise about the efficacy of the plan because the West has yet to prove that the lion of private enterprise (and the acquisitive instinct) can lie down at peace with the lamb of purely persuasive state paternalism. The plan needs more guts than Mr. Shanks has seen fit to give it.

The chapter on "Democracy on the Factory Floor" makes a strong plea for equality of status between operative and white-collar worker ("However, I must make clear what sort of equality I mean. I am not arguing for a more equal distribution of earned incomes. This is not to my mind the important issue . . ."). It recommends, by inference, that all should clock on together ("The time at which one starts work is a curiously important status symbol in modern Britain"), that all should have equal holidays with pay, that the canteens, washrooms and "other amenities" of floor and office workers should be equally attractive, that all should suffer the same sort of dismissal notice and receive the same financial consideration in sickness. And every worker should carry the same key to the boardroom in his knapsack. Fine. And yet, in another mood, we find the author guilty of such piffle as this—"But the biggest single restrictive practice in British industry to-day is almost certainly the tea-break . . ."

A most curiously uneven and ambivalent book, useful, at times stimulating, but not sufficiently cogent to be swallowed whole.

NEW NOVELS

Adrift in Soho. Colin Wilson. Gollancz, 16/-

Down Will Come the Sky. John Wyllie. Secker and Warburg, 15/-

The Face of the Enemy. Vernon Scannell. Putnam, 15/-

A Man on the Roof. Kathleen Sully. Peter Davies, 15/-

BOHEMIANISM is, it seems, here to stay. It is a classical mode of rebellion for the sons of the petty bourgeoisie who find themselves excluded, by the growth of big industry and big business, from applying their creativity and well-developed individuality in the traditional socially useful ways. Discovering that the day-to-day operation of a life spent in the employment of others is meaningless, tedious and stifling to their personalities, they chose



to take up a marginal and deviant existence. They are inclined to take up revolutionary causes and the company of deviants of other sorts—tramps, criminals, psychotics. Feeling that their "freedom" enables them to see more deeply, they regard themselves as supermen and prophets; they are drawn to art. This disposition to Bohemianism has shown many signs of growing in recent years; there have been large-scale movements in many western countries that espouse all or some of its attitudes (including, at an unthinking level, the Teddy boy, the ton kid and the jazz hipster). The American Beat Generation and its rather more proletarian English equivalent grow stronger as the pressures of society on the individual seem to intensify, and because deviance is always news and because we like to celebrate our own tolerance we are always ready to hear more and more about them.

In his new novel, *Adrift in Soho*, Colin Wilson explores this strange twilight world with a knowledge that, as one would expect, comes from close acquaintance. There is a growing literature on the subject but Mr. Wilson's is undoubtedly one of the better performances. It is not up to *The Horse's Mouth* level but it does compete nicely with Noel Woodin's delightful *Room at the Bottom*, though it substitutes for Woodin's lightness of touch luminous, innocent intellectual intensity. In short, Mr. Wilson treats his material with a

very nice competence, making his hero, Harry Preston, not a committed bohemian but poised between the attractions of freedom and bohemian irresponsibility in Soho and the sense of some larger discipline—a perspective that helps him to avoid the temptation of romanticising the Beat life too much. His central character is well done, he manages his exits and entrances nicely and though the plot gets a trifle drunk and disorderly toward the end I commend the book for its social history and its liveliness.

Down Will Come the Sky is a very violent book about violence, one of our favourite deviances. John Wyllie works with great economy and power, and builds a very effective story about the chain of evil and conflict set in motion on one of the smaller Channel Islands by a scheme to industrialise it. The central character, Damien Beaucherc, is a boy of twelve who witnesses all the troubles and their causes and learns from it a new maturity and acceptance. The critical accommodation of evil which he achieves, the carefully limited society of the island, the moral perspective, all remind one of William Golding, but measured by that high standard the novelist lacks a sufficiently broad and humane moral scale against which to measure his events. It is crude violence and crude humanism that are in con-

flict, and a violence that comes in part from the author's vision of man as a natural rather than a social creature—the naturalness he admires in Damien being the other side of the coin from the violence he detests in others.

The other two books work in much narrower ranges. *The Face of the Enemy* is the story of a love affair set against a curious and interesting background of a club where former war heroes relive their glorious military pasts. Mr. Scannell creates characters deftly and the whole book is managed with a more than common sensitivity. Its centre is a career woman past thirty who is herself something of a casualty, and the various aspects of her situation—her ambivalence toward marriage, her conflict with her lover about his Catholicism, her emotional romanticism—make her a substantial character. Substantial characters are not, however, to the fore in *A Man on the Roof*—indeed the man of the title is a ghost, a poor old chap who comes back to haunt his wife and her companion who have sold his stamp collection. This sends them off on a spree in a pink caravan-van and lands them in a country house owned by a man with another perverse hobby, collecting statues. Kathleen Sully does her eccentricities rather well but I must say I found the whole thing very much too cutesy for my taste.

— MALCOLM BRADBURY



"I like the way you bow to Grandma Moses without fawning."

ART BY MAIL

A Picture Postcard Album, collected by C. Lauterbach and A. Jakovsky. Thames and Hudson, 42/-

It seems that the picture postcard became popular with the motor car and gramophone. It replaced the picture sheets, and was out of fashion by the end of the first world war, by which time it was probably too innocent a pleasure. In 1900, 786 million cards were posted in Germany, 15 to each German. French production was 500 million. Each important event was commemorated on a postcard: the Dreyfus affair, the crash of the Zeppelin, the telephone. Postcards taught the new dances, the art of seduction and the language of the moustache.

This book is an enchanting record of the darling follies and simple, if execrable, morality of most of mankind. Two hundred German, French and English

cards are reproduced, and they evoke humanity's funniest and most touching preoccupations. There are wedding nights, gooseberry bushes, gilded ladies, bare bottoms, broken-hearted wives of soldiers, and soulful sisters. There are stolen kisses in railway carriages, cuckolded husbands, flesh-coloured tights, vamps in black satin, and a surprising number of near-naked ladies embracing each other. There is a card predicting "Anno Domini 1950," with more airships in the sky than horseless carriages on the ground.

There are only two things wrong. The plush binding attracts fluff, and the text consists entirely of rhetorical questions, non sequiturs and sentimental clichés. It is only three pages long, and may be ignored.

— KENNETH MARTIN



MOTHER OF KINGS

A Pride of Lions. Monica Stirling. *Collins, 28/-*

The insoluble problem confronting any biographer of Madame Mère is how to avoid writing an awkwardly angled life of Napoleon. Not unexpectedly therefore the opening and closing sections of Miss Stirling's book are the best. In the middle reaches Letizia, being provided for by her dutiful, prodigious son, recedes into the shadows. But Letizia, six months pregnant with Napoleon, yet resisting soldierlike in the wild Corsican uplands the advance of the enslaving French, is a lively figure. The final years in Rome, too—she was very old by then and Napoleon himself long dead—are well described and Miss Stirling makes excellent use of contemporary evidence. Jerome Bonaparte's youngest son never forgot the "extraordinary atmosphere of laurels and snuff" in the Palazzo Bonaparte, and noticed that "one was aware of mighty shadows passing."

Miss Stirling convinces you that here was a mother in every way worthy of her astonishing brood, and worthy of her enchanting, short-lived husband, Carlo. Through all the epic ups-and-downs she always saw her duty plain: "My favourite son is always the one who is in trouble."

— DAVID WILLIAMS

CRANMER TO GORE

The Bridge Builders. H. A. L. Rice. *Darton, Longman and Todd, 18/-*

These nine studies of Anglo-Catholic worthies keep a fair balance between the anecdotal, the historical and the edificatory. Stretching from Cranmer to Gore, they include theologians like Law, administrators like Bray of the S.P.C.K. and S.P.G., hymn-writers like Neale and school builders like Woodard, that curious mixture of Florence Nightingale and Sir Henry Lunn.

Written in a rather ponderous style, with a good deal of head-wagging over the degeneracy of modern times, they are best when most firmly set in their period. The episcopate of Wilson of Sodor and Man, a strong disciplinarian who once had one of his flock towed behind a boat for immorality, will be new to most readers, especially those by

whom the lethargy of the eighteenth-century church is taken for granted. It will be interesting to see who, in the later editions that will obviously be wanted, is chosen to represent the last generation: it would be difficult to find another Gore. Studies of Protestant worthies from the same pen would make a fascinating companion volume.

— R. G. G. PRICE

KNICK-KNACKS

The Connoisseur New Guide to Antique English Pottery, Porcelain and Glass. Edited by L. G. G. Ramsey.

The Connoisseur New Guide to Antique English Furniture. Edited by L. G. G. Ramsey. *The Connoisseur, 25/- each*

Antiques for the Small Collector. Gil Thomas. *Arthur Barker, 16/-*

It is a frustrating thought that the Staffordshire figures that grace the dealer's windows in SW1 were once made in tens of thousands and sold from hawkers' trays for a few pence each; it is a sobering reflection that the antique *pièce de résistance* of to-day found no place in a gentleman's house in the Regency unless it was in the kitchen or servants' quarters. Books on antiques have a vexing habit of making us feel what we've missed, and stirring immortal longings for pedestal library tables with ebonised stringing, or chiffoniers with lotus and anthemion decorations. The two *Connoisseur* monographs are designed "for the preparation of a thesis, as an aid for a course of lectures at school, university or young people's club"; and even, one might add, for the person who just likes antiques. They could be more elegantly produced, but the general reader will find them useful enough and pleasantly illustrated.

"I have seldom laid out even five bob without being sure that I could get it back when disposing of my purchase." So writes Mr. Thomas; and it is not my own attitude to antiques. An antique-hunt is a treasure-hunt, and the treasure, if one finds it, is something to be permanently enjoyed; those who consider antiques as investments are no soulmates of mine. Nor is the man who asks if one really eats better "off a Georgian dining-table than off a plastic tray in a self-service cafeteria." The fact that Mr. Thomas could ask such a question puts him, for me, in the plastic-tray

category. There are some pleasant line-drawings in this book, but a vulgar book it remains.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

CREDIT BALANCE

The Splendour of Greece. Robert Payne. *Hale, 21/-*. Lush but characterful travelogue, following course of a leisurely cruise. Good on quality of light and landscape; sometimes penetrating, sometimes weakly wordy on sculpture and architecture. Plenty of odd, interesting facts and quotations.

Edmund Campion. Evelyn Waugh. *Longman's, 25/-*. Handsome new edition of biographical classic. Blurb says new research incorporated but main changes seem insertion of date Campion left Oxford and omission of bibliography. Has there ever been finer hagiographic prose?

Pears Cyclopaedia. 20/- This astonishingly comprehensive compendium of current knowledge is completely revised for its seventieth edition, and contains new sections on economic affairs and on "leisure activities"—arts, sports, further education, etc. It may fairly be described as indispensable, and with its thousand-odd pages and thirty-two pages of maps is remarkable value at a pound.

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(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)



FOR WOMEN

Breakfast on the Balcony

MY father once told us that if we planted pampas the lions would come. At some point I feel British builders got hold of this idea too, applied it to their trade and drew their own conclusions, i.e., that if you built balconies the sun would come and the disastrous results of this false supposition, in a climate totally unsuited to such foreign extravaganza, has pursued us down the years.

There could have been other reasons. A few particularly hot summers, or the year *Romeo and Juliet* was a rave hit, or the craze for opera, for they came from Italy.

But whatever the reason we have as legacy, scattered all over the country, the most remarkable range of ungetatable, unusable balconies and balconettes to be seen north of the sloth-belt. In the midst of towns, in the outer suburbs, at the sea-side, overlooking gasworks and factories, on improbable promontories and cliffs, narrow and wide, with plain wooden railings or fancy wrought iron ones, they cling, with a kind of mock gaiety especially in wet summers, to the houses they adorn as a romantic gesture left over from some long-ago age that had had time to indulge in such non-functional embellishments.

I care most for the builders' theory. After all most craftsmen have their follies which in the end become collectors' pieces and give a kind of expression to the way life didn't go.

With our pre-balconied houses, the ping-up-and-down ones, you could either be in or out, and that certainly suited the climate. But if you have a

balcony, along with it you have the desire to use it and that in this country you simply cannot do.

Our two balconies, both facing north, are approached uncomfortably through windows. Of course they look ideal, they are leaded, have high railings and a wonderful view of the sea. Visitors have only got to see them to start drooling—"Ooh, what lovely balconies, I expect you live out there, sleep out there and have your meals on them too."

They should try it. We did! When we first came here we did our best to involve these balconies into our lives and we learned with exasperated frustration that they were phony and incapable of any real life, being really only a form of Victorian wish-fulfilment. But we didn't know that at the time, or that half the year you can't open the windows leading on to them at all. If you do, the back door the other end of the house blows out or in according to the way of the wind. No, we had to learn the hard way.

In those early days I discovered that the sun hit one of these balconies for an hour every morning and I decided to have breakfast there. I tried hard. I climbed over the window seat with a tray with coffee and toast, the paper, a cushion and some cigarettes and settled down fairly comfortably. There was the most tremendous crash from the back of the house. I clambered in and rushed to investigate. The scullery was awash with invoices and plastic kitchen equipment. When I opened the back door to see what had caused it a hurricane blew and I found the baker standing dazed in the other half of the

invoices which had engulfed him when he had first opened the door.

I restored order, took in the loaves, mopped up the milk, collected the invoices and went back to finish my breakfast. This time I shut the window behind me, to discover when I had settled down that the paper had blown off into the garden and the windows had jammed. I had to climb down and up again with the paper in my teeth and by the time I got settled again the telephone was ringing and the coffee was cold.

I gave it up at that point but was persuaded to try again when the children returned from school. This time experience proved that a railed-in space of five feet by three feet is simply not big enough to contain two leggy youngsters, one Mum, a bull terrier, a cat with kittens and all the other things it is thought necessary to have for breakfast on the first morning of the holidays.

That was five years ago. Since then the balconies have not been used except by me while spring-cleaning and by the cat as a penetralia from her over-persistent boy-friends.

But that's the worst of it, like other materially insoluble problems the balconies had got into our heads and were living quite a life of their own there, nagging away at us. We were for ever harping on them and their possible uses—glass them in, make an office, a conservatory, an observatory, a dog-kennel, a hen battery. Chop them down and build a raft out of them—there was no end to it.

There is now. It's all over. They blew off in the last gale and I never even heard them go. We've got a ping-up-and-down house now but I must admit to a curious gap in my brain and outside the windows too where the balconies once hung. After all they formed a kind of bridgehead between reality and fantasy so perhaps they had their use after all.

—DIM PARES



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The Spectator

What about an efficient secretarial service?

Beetles in my Bonnet

MY younger son's rejection of a perfectly wholesome biscuit marked a turning point. It had wood beetles in it, he said. He showed me the small circular apertures which, in another context, we had come to dread. We were old hands by then; looking for "flight" holes—through which the common furniture beetle, *anobium punctatum*, emerges—had become an obsession. As with moths, it's the larvae that do the damage, boring for several years before emerging to lay eggs. Hundreds of them. Plywood furniture backings and the surrounding floorboards are good places to look. Visiting friends, I pulled out drawers and lifted the lino through sheer force of habit.

My husband laughed. It was all in my mind, he said. He didn't believe they were flight holes; a previous owner had hammered a few nails in and then pulled them out again. I said "All right, don't believe me." Several firms were offering a free survey and estimate. After the biscuit incident, I wrote off at once.

The first surveyor, a charming young man, elegantly dressed, arrived in a private estate car. He carried a weekend bag containing dungarees, which he donned upstairs, and a magnifying

glass for examining "frass," the chewed-up wood spewed out by the larvae. In ten years the whole structure of the house might be endangered, he said. He spent a long time in the bathroom (he'd bought his own soap and towel) before leaving, three hours after he came. "Lucky I'm broad-minded," my neighbour said.

Another firm sent two men. They didn't bring dungarees and they didn't wash. Silent, too, apart from an occasional whistle, presumably indicative of surprise on seeing our best bits (from their point of view, I mean).

My husband's reaction, as the estimates arrived, was similar. They were pretty surprising, especially the notes on the back, such as a warning that while every reasonable care would be taken, some damage to ceilings might result from "the imposition of live, moving loads upon the ceiling joists." Live, moving loads. Did they mean people? Whatever else, for heavens sake—St. Bernard dogs? Two firms guaranteed their work for twenty years, an inducement that misfired badly reminding him, as it did, of the impermanence of things in general, washing machines, refrigerators, etc., in particular.

He couldn't afford it. The wood beetles must wait, he said. My friends

weren't sympathetic either. Most of them had wood beetles themselves; they aren't a status symbol (death watch beetles are).

Half-heartedly I got an injector, a gadget like an oil-can, for squirting liquid down the holes. It was like looking for spots on a child's tummy—exacting but not entralling. It soon palled.

Now I have bought a premium bond. I keep it in an envelope marked "wood beetles" along with the estimates. My elder son, aged six, explains it like this: If it wins, mummy will kill off the nasty old wood beetles. If it doesn't, they'll probably kill her. — MARIE BERGMAN

Farewell, Thou Art Too Dear . . .

("So it's telephone-timers now, is it?")

Disgusted shopkeeper)

AT your answering voice, my hand
Tipped the glass to start the sand;
(For time can stand as still as stone
To lovers on the telephone.)
When I found your thoughts were
shifting
Slower than the sand was sifting
Then the heart from which I spoke
Hardened like a boiling yolk,
Cut you off at one-and-nine
And blamed it on the party-line.

— HAZEL TOWNSON

"No more for Henry, thank you, he's got to
remember where we've parked the car."





TOBY COMPETITIONS

As announced last week, Toby Competitions are to take a rest. Beginning on October 11, their place will be taken temporarily by "FIRST APPEARANCE," three columns open to contributors who are not professional writers and have not appeared in *Punch* before. Short articles, verses, anecdotes or miscellaneous fragments are invited. A genuine personal experience briefly told is likely to be more acceptable than a fantasy: it is not possible in the space available to aim at the type of material used elsewhere in the magazine. Published contributions will be paid for at usual rates. **MAXIMUM 300 WORDS AND SHORTER LENGTHS WELCOMED.** The first selection will appear on October 11. It is too late now to submit manuscripts for this issue, but copy may be sent for the issue of October 18, to reach this office by Wednesday, October 4. Address "FIRST APPEARANCE," *Punch*, 10 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Toby Competition No. 182: What Next?

Most attempts to forecast the entertainment that will kill Television were based on realisation of dreams and experiencing a sensation of being part of the scene. Others foresaw the possibilities of "Do it Yourself." Some, anticipating nuclear destruction, visualised a return, full cycle, to cave drawings.

The winner is:

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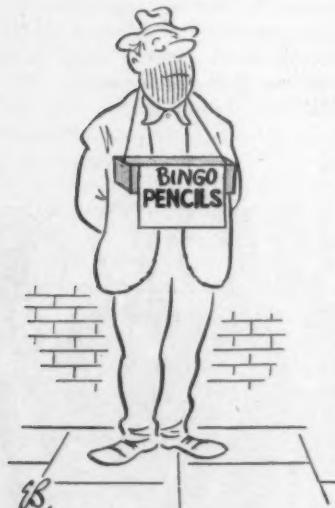
Know for yourself the delight of underwater swimming, the thrill of holding hands with Johnny Heart-throb, discover for yourself how quickly a headache goes with Blitzo and how tired are PC 78's feet on his beat.

Motor- and horse-racing, water-ski-ing and parachute-jumping are all to be enjoyed, no matter what your age. Plays are transformed when you FEEL. (Feelers are assured that violence will be reduced to a minimum.)

Following are the runners-up, who receive a book token to the value of one guinea :

THE "MITTY": Worn on the wrist—no batteries, no plugging-in, no tuning. The user is identified completely with the matter transmitted, and not merely sees and hears, but tastes, smells, and feels with the characters in the crystal ball. He drives a racing car; gives directives to cringing subordinates; enjoys nubile maidens; scores the winning goal; sets the table in a roar with his wit; savours the rare vintage and the costly cigar. She feels the fur round her neck; steps into the silk lingerie; basks in the men's admiration and the women's envy; marries the Eastern prince; attends the royal garden party. Continuous performance—no interruptions for meals or housework. "Mitty while you work!"

A. M. Robertson, 28 Wandle Court Gardens, Beddington, Croydon



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There is no doubt that television, as entertainment, will be superseded by what our forefathers mistakenly abhorred as "work." Exhorted to "Do It Yourself," we spend our summer evenings erecting greenhouses and digging our fish-ponds. Winter evenings are devoted to decorating the bathroom in Renaissance style, converting the telly into a rabbit-hutch, and rushing to crowded evening classes in housework, woodwork, needlework, and other forms of labour. Benign correspondence courses instruct the more ambitious in the building of bungalows, bridges, or their artificial dentures. The happy clamour of factory workers and others for overtime and spare-time jobs clearly demonstrates this nation-wide discovery of the entertainment value of "work," and, incidentally, ushers in a new industrial revolution.

Mrs. H. Foster, 34 Farndon Road, Woodford Halse, Nr. Rugby

"6.10.71.—The President of the Royal College of Surgeons alluded yesterday to the year's improvement in the public presentation of surgical operations. Standards of performance were continually rising in provincial repertory as well as in big London theatres and there had been fewer complaints of too frequent performances by understudies. Illegal operators did not really constitute a major threat. The College's "Oscars" were then presented to Mr. Speedmore for the finest spectacle of the surgical year (blood everywhere with Mrs. Dalrymple's varicose veins) and to Dr. G. Bairlie Past for the most exciting anaesthetic list. This occurred at St. Faith's, Cheapside, when massage of the heart had to be performed seven times in one afternoon."

Dr. G. Laszlo, Edgware General Hospital, Middlesex.

When atomic energy displaces gas for all domestic purposes, the vast system of storage, distribution and measurement left idle will be taken over by the Marihuana Supply Corporation. Then at the mere turning of a tap every householder will have at his command unlimited hours of delicious entertainment: tropical Edens and heavenly music will enchant his heightened perception, or he may see himself batting for England and triumphing at Wimbledon.

The marihuana fumes will be slightly more expensive than gas, but there will be no initial outlay; one face-piece—possibly a second smaller one for the children—can be passed round the family circle; even the blind and deaf will share in the new mass entertainment.

H. B. McCaskie, 32 Queens Gate Terrace, S.W.7



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XV

single breasted, while Simpson's have men's Continental proofed poplin raincoats in various lengths and colours. **Hope Brothers** keep in step with their "shot" cotton raincoats, in classic style.

MUSIC



Royal Festival Hall. September 27, 8 pm, London Mozart Players, soloist Myra Hess. September 28, 8 pm, London Philharmonic Orchestra, soloist Yehudi Menuhin. September 29, 8 pm, London Symphony Orchestra, 8 pm, soloist Walter Blankenheim. September 30, 8 pm, Philharmonia Orchestra, Beethoven, Brahms. October 1, 7.30 pm, Hallé Orchestra, soloist Denis Matthews. October 2, 8 pm, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Beethoven. October 3, 8 pm, London Philharmonic Orchestra, soloist Franz Reizenstein.

Wigmore Hall. September 27, 7.30 pm, Michael Gough Matthews (piano). September 28, Roy Jesson (piano). September 29, 7.30, Bemko-Niyya Duo (cello & piano). September 30, 7.30 pm, Irene Marinoff (piano). October 1, 3 pm, Daniel Barenboim (piano). October 2, 7.30 pm, Anthony Saltmarsh (violin). October 3, 7.30 pm, Raul Spivak (piano).

GALLERIES



Arcade. Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque sculpture and African masks. **Archer.** Paintings by Brian Rodwell. **Beaux Arts.** Paintings by Peter Schmidt. **Berkeley.** Far Eastern and primitive art antiques: **Brook Street.** Modern masters. **Ceylon Tea Centre.** September 28-October 7. Paintings of Far East. **Gimpel Fils.** Louis Le Brocq. **Grabowski.** Norwegian paintings. **ICA.** Twenty-six young sculptors. **New Vision Centre.** Viren Sahai paintings, South Wales abstract sculpture. **Reid.** September 28. William Goldsmith. **Tate.** Max Ernst. **USIS.** American advertising art. **Wildenstein.** Dufy paintings and drawings. **Zwemmer.** Harold Cheesman paintings and drawings.

RESTAURANT SELECTION

The symbol SM=standard meal, arbitrarily chosen as soup, steak, two vegetables, ice-cream and coffee in order to give an approximate indication of prices.



L'Aiglon, 44 Old Church St., SW3. Small, smart, amateur in a nice way. Dinner only, incl. Sundays. Bookings FLA 8650. No licence, but pub across the road. SM, say £1. **Alexander's**, 138a King's Road, SW3. Comfortable candlelit basement, open for lunch and dinner (dinner only Sundays). Must book—KNI 4604. Fully licensed. SM about 25/-. **Caprice**, Arlington House, Arlington St., W1. Smart, celebrity-spangled. Booking absolutely vital (HYD 3183); not after 11.30 pm, not Sundays. Table d'hôte luncheon 21/6, dinner 27/6.



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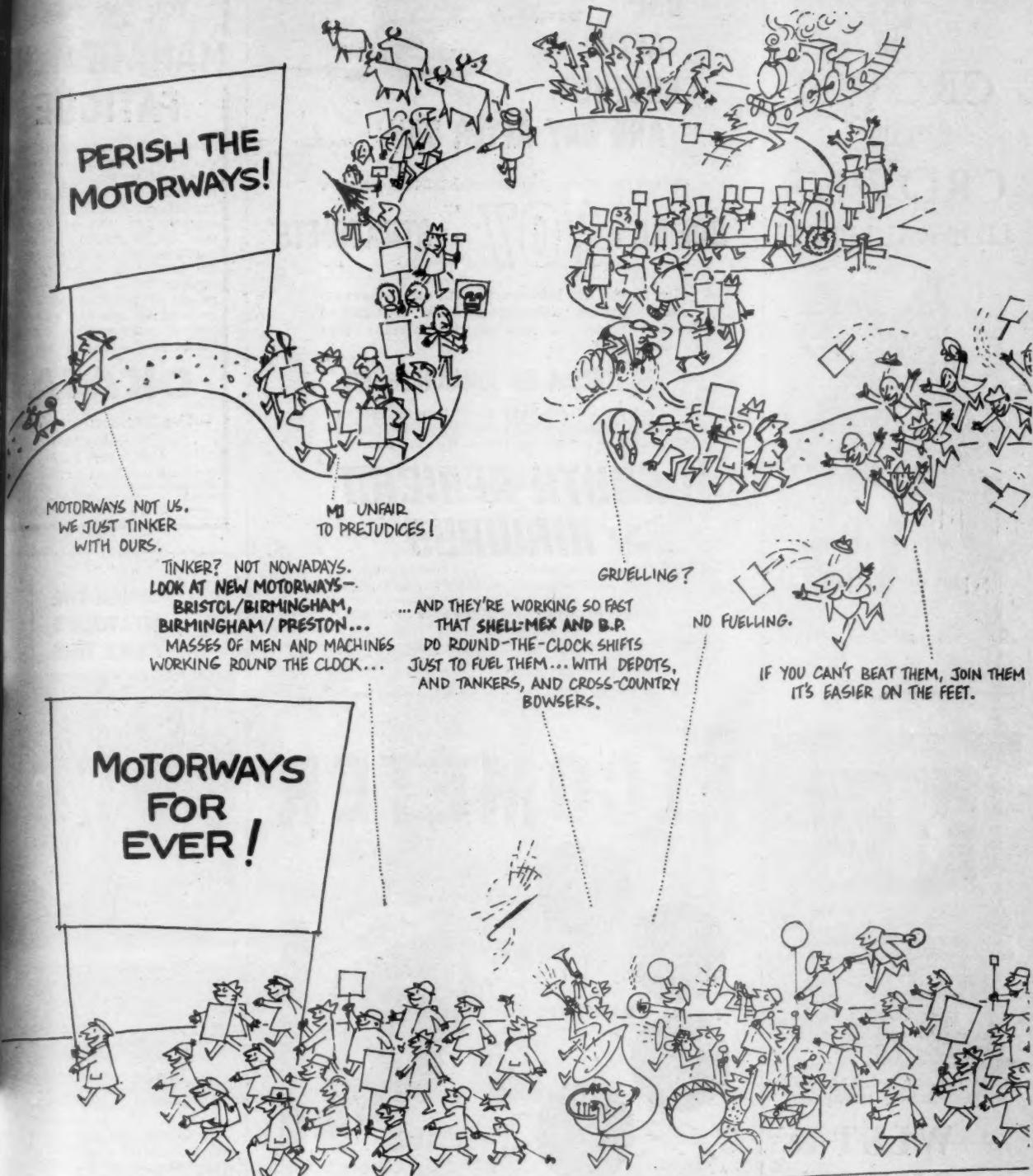
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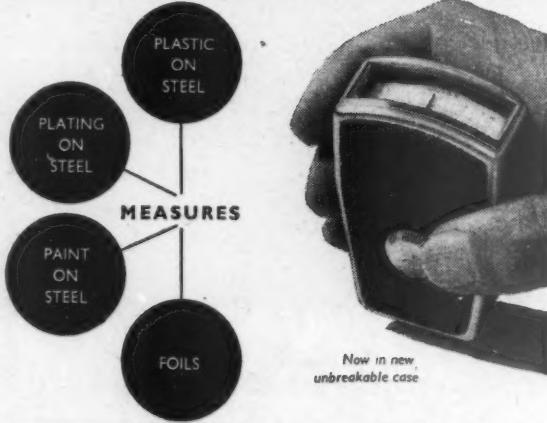
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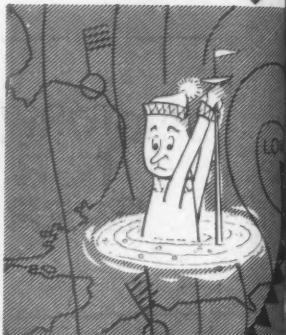
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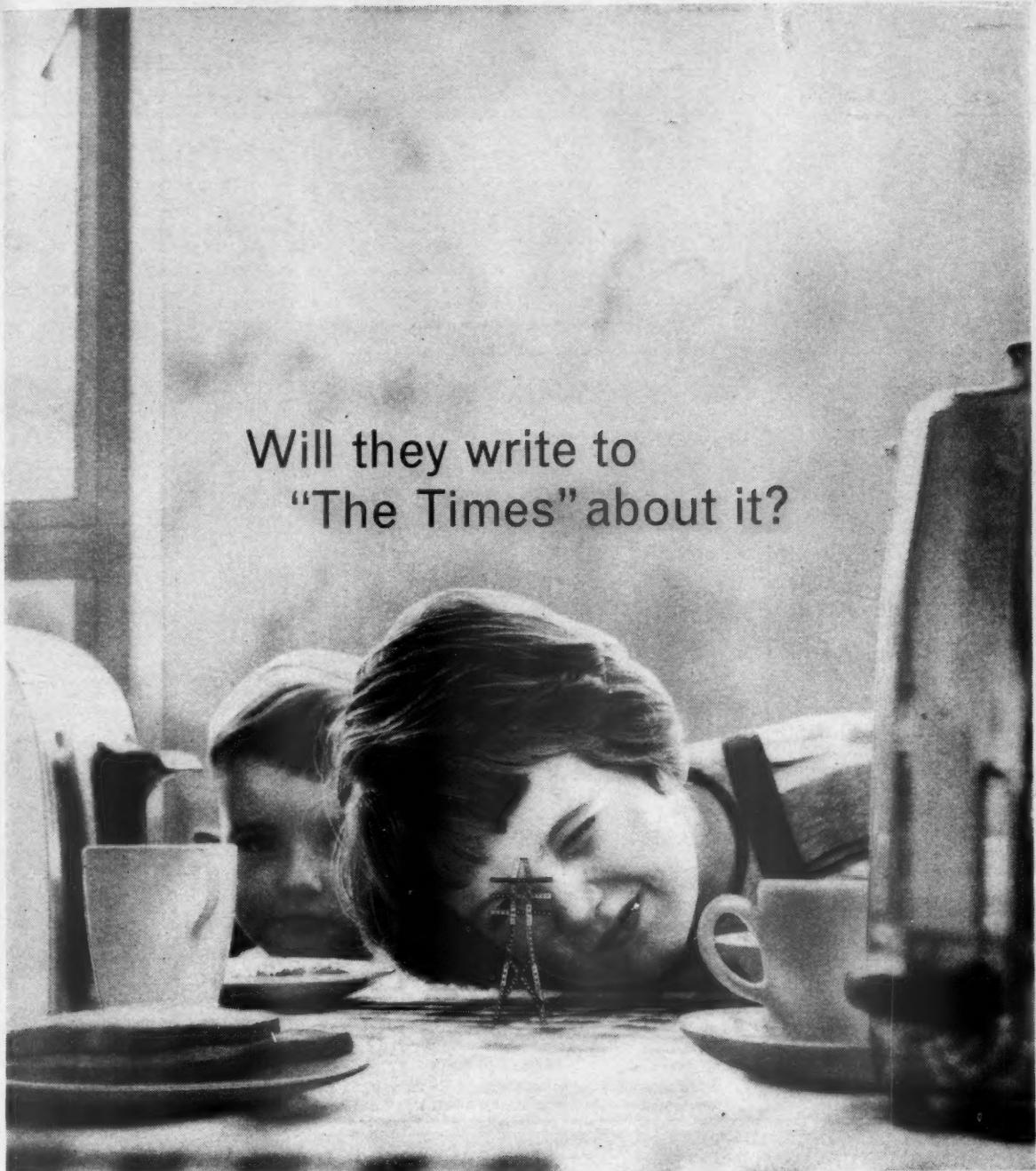
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VOL.XII
V-Z

Punch
Sept. 27, 1961

Open letter to the Deleg publishers of the Oxf

DEAR SIRS,

We find the Oxford English Dictionary an invaluable work of reference in the compilation of our advertisements, and we make frequent use of it. We trust, therefore, that you will excuse us if we draw your attention to a serious omission in Vol. XII V-Z, Section Wh, page 70. We notice that on that page your editors include a reference — WHITBREAD(A)D: see WHITE BREAD. On looking up WHITE BREAD we find this definition — "Bread of a light colour, made from fine wheaten flour, as distinguished from BROWN BREAD." No reference at all is made to the common indeed the universal, meaning that attaches to the word Whitbread today, viz: the truly excellent drink that bears the name. To assist your editors in their task of revision, here is a suitable definition:—

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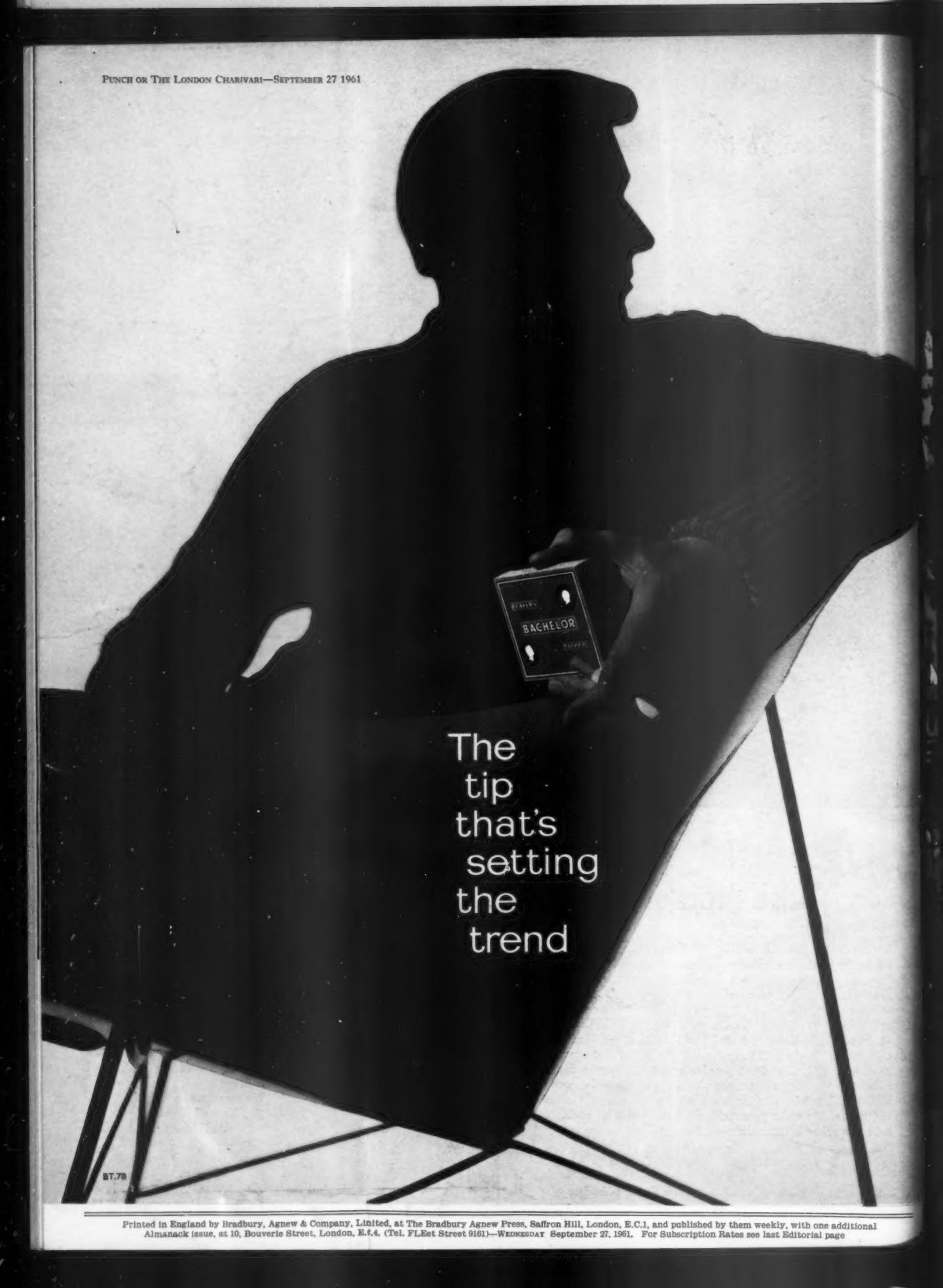
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